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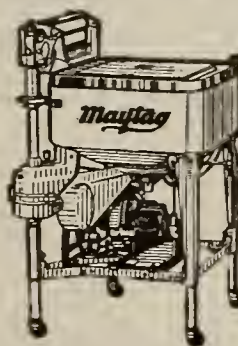
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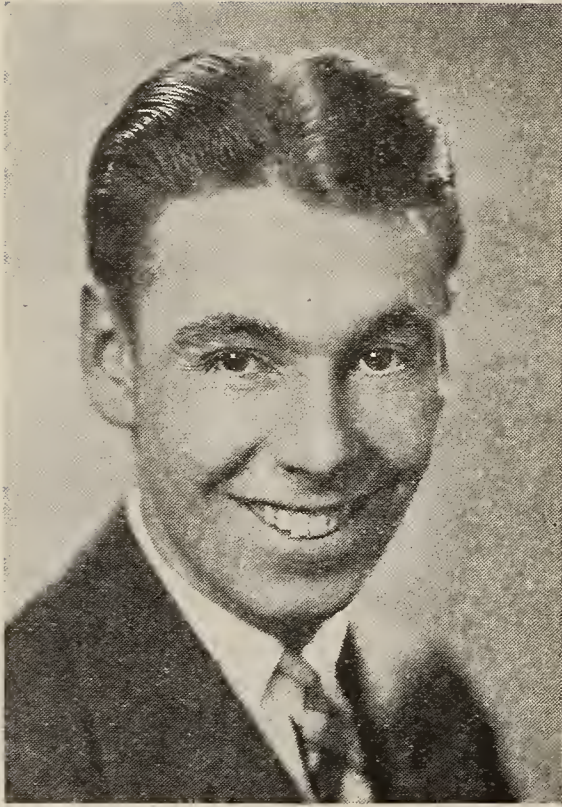
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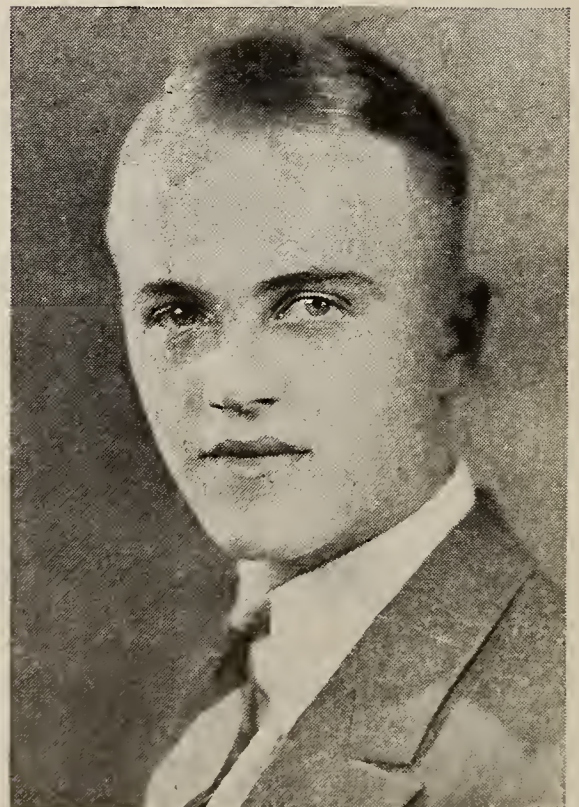
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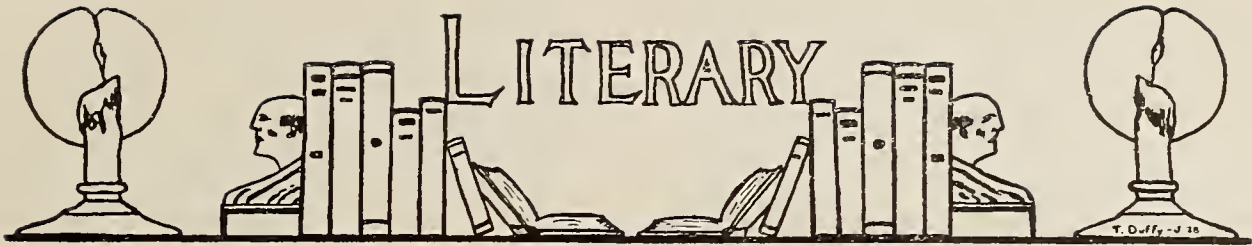
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THE THIEF OF SOUTHEY COVE

CHARLES DALY, F.'30

With no moon nor even a star to light the heavens, the night was exceptionally dark and, although it was midsummer, the brisk breeze which blew from off the ocean had a chill nip in it. It was nearly midnight; the beach was deserted. Here and there a few lights gleamed dully, but on the beach itself there was only darkness. No sounds were to be heard except the murmur of the water.

In the shadow of a cottage, close by the water, stood a lone human figure; for two hours he had stood there, a boy of sixteen or seventeen years, clad in white ducks, white shirt, and sneakers, his gaze hardly leaving a spot on the water where were moored several small boats, one of them his. Although it had been warm earlier in the evening he was now shivering; but he was willing to stand more than cold to save his little yacht from thieving hands. Suddenly, with body tensed, he leaned forward and peered intently towards the boats. What was that sound which he had heard out there? Again he heard it—undoubtedly the bumping of boats. Someone, who had no business there was boarding one of the yachts and it seemed as though the sound came from John's sloop, the "Arrow."

Convinced that the sound came from the "Arrow," Fred turned and ran to the rear of the cottage. At a wave of his hand and a whispered exhortation to "c'mere," three lads of his own age and build approached him. Quickly they de-

manded to know "what's up?" And upon being informed they indignantly and excitedly demanded action. All hastened to the front of the building. Soon the "Arrow's" sail, comparatively clear against its dark back-ground, could be seen as with creak of block and thum of rope her canvas was spread.

Someone suggested yelling to scare the marauder off, but this was vetoed by the rest and Fred's suggestion to follow in the "Gull" was accepted. While they planned, they watched and, when they heard a splash and saw the "Arrow," sheets taut, fall off and gain way, all made a rush for a two-man dinghy into which the four piled, heedless of its size.

By the time they made the "Gull's" side the "Arrow" was nearly out of sight. Swiftly, skillfully the "Gull's" sails were unfurled, the dinghy furled and the "Gull" was underway almost before the "Arrow" disappeared. Swiftly the "Gull," the fleetest catboat in that part of the coast, skimmed the water, a trail of white eddying from her stern, her sail awash, stay humming and spray flying across her open cockpit as every wave slapped her rather blunt end.

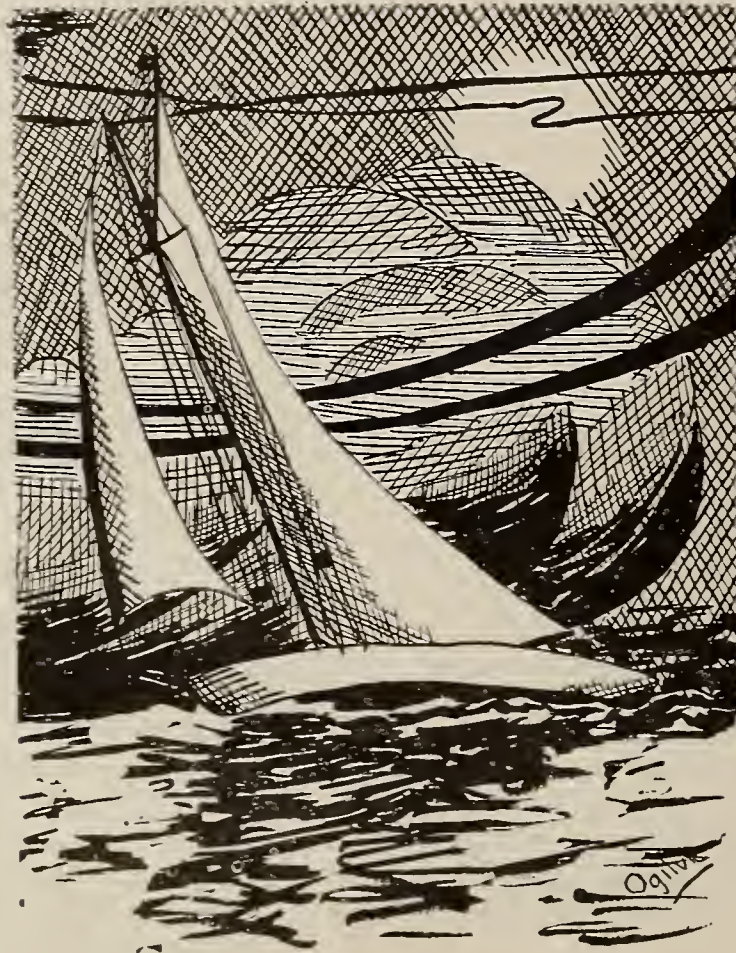
As soon as they were settled down Jim secured some clothing for the shivering crew and they were all set for an all night sail if need be. The "Arrow" having disappeared, the boys were worried about finding her again, but Fred explained that he'd a hunch somehow that she was headed for Cat Island. Except once when the speed had to be slackened to allow the boat to head a point or two more to the west where lay Cat Island, the boat sped on with little attention.

Cat Island, for which they were heading, was a small isle about eight miles from Southey Cove, the boys' hailing place. It was little visited as it was barren and held no attraction for picnicking yachtsmen or landsmen either. Southey Cove itself was about three miles from a fairsized city, whose police force had been trying for months to capture the man or men who stole the yachts of the surrounding residents.

About two hours after they had dropped their moorings the boys found themselves in sight of Cat Island. As they drew closer they saw a dull gleam of light on the leeward side of the island; as they approached nearer they made out the lines of a boat, undoubtedly the "Arrow."

sultation. They were determined to attempt capturing the fellow and various plans being suggested they at last outlined a plan which was accepted. It was this: Al and Fred and Fran would board the sloop while Jim hauled the "Gull" forward, along the side, to where it could not be seen by anyone coming up the companionway. He and Fred and Fran would station themselves, one above the hatch cover, and one on each side of the companionway. Then when Mr. Pirate came up to see what the noise which Jim would make, was, all three would pile on him while Jim got out a coil of line.

Their plan of attack decided upon they watched impatiently 'till at last the glimmer disappeared. At first they feared



Sure that it was the "Arrow," they allowed the "Gull" to drift back fifty yards or so where they hove to and held a con-

that the fellow might come up on deck for a last look around, but luckily he did not. They waited perhaps half an hour but

there were no signs of life aboard the "Arrow."

The "Gull" was put under way and forged ahead slowly, Jim crouching in the cockpit, tiller in one hand sheet in the other. Skillfully he ran the catboat alongside the "Arrow," never touching her. Silently and quickly three figures stepped aboard the "Arrow" and took their places, Al on the fo'c'sle, Fran and Fred on either side of the partly open companionway slide, while Jim did his part.

All in readiness, Al gave the signal, a wave of the hand, and Jim rapped sharply on the deck. All held their breaths—no answer. Again he rapped—no answer. Jim scratched his head, then seizing the "Gull's" forestay, he hauled her to him until she bumped the larger boat, sending a tremor through the sloop, something that will wake almost any son of the sea. A second or two passed and then the cover over the companionway was slid back with a bang, so suddenly that Al, who was kneeling on it, unthinkingly, dived head foremost into cockpit, alighting on the back of a surprised stealer of boats with a thud. Simultaneously Fred and Jim closed in, tackling him from right and left.

The man was little larger than the lads, but he fought with an ardor, probably afraid that someone was after his life. For five minutes the battle raged. Back and forth the four rolled, banging heads, arms, legs, and various other parts of their bodies against seat staunchions, flooring, and cockpit walls. But at last the victim was through; he lay on the flooring, on his stomach, Fred on his legs, Al on his back, and Fran on his head, while Jim, who had been helplessly dancing back and forth, trying to keep out of the way of the fighters and still get a rope around him, trussed him up.

It was decided that Al should sail the "Gull" back, while the other three worked the sloop and guarded the prisoner. The "Gull" having her sail all up started first and, of course, arrived first. The anchor was dropped and sails doused; Al sculled

ashore to where a crowd of worried parents, neighbors, and friends, awaited the boys, who had been missing all night—it was now ten A. M.

Quickly Al explained parts of the night's adventures and by the time the "Arrow's" anchor was dropped the patrol wagon clanged onto the beach.

A sergeant hurried from the wagon. "Is this the thief?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," the boys chorused, chests out.

For five minutes the sergeant quizzed the boys while Mr. Crowley, John's father's perplexed frown changed to a smile of amusement and then to a grin.

"Perhaps, sir," he suggested to the officer, "you'd better unwrap the prisoner." The sergeant accepted the suggestion and at his order two brother officers, after five or ten minutes hard work at the mess of tangled three-quarter inch manila, unearthed a curiously dirty figure, clad in a suit of B. V. D.'s and a torn shirt. Slowly this victim pushed his long hair back from his face and there before the eyes of the amazed and laughing crowd stood John Crowley, weakly muttering something about not being able to sail his own boat without being half-murdered.

MY HERO

ELIZABETH EVANS, J.'30

Oh my hero is a football man,
Tall, well formed, and red of hair.
I meet him as I pass each day,
But oh, to speak I would not dare.
As he stalks along in glory bright,
I worship beauty from afar,
I heed the words of some old poet:
"Hitch your wagon to a star!"
Yes, he is a star, above me far,
He walks apart from a common man,
While I—I gaze with reverent awe;
That distance I can never span.
Yes, I'll become a teacher, prim
And proper, or the humble wife
Of a grocer man in a country town,
And there I'll live my humdrum life.

My hero will be a football man,
 I'll be afraid of him no more,
 And he'll not make me blush again,
 Or thrill me to the very core,
 For a grocer man in a country town
 Can offer comforts to a wife,
 And the only hero that stays ideal
 Is in your heart, not in your life.

ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL

JOHN W. WASTCOAT, J.'30

The All-American Literature team lined up for its final scrimmage before quitting for the day.

"Team back!" shouted William Cullen Bryant, fullback and also captain.

"Now listen, fellows," he explained, "this is the last chance we'll have to practice before our big game with Quincy next Saturday. I'll give the names of those that are to play now; B. Franklin, center; N. Hawthorne, right guard; H. D. Thoreau, right tackle; B. Alcott, right end; P. Freneau, left guard; J. R. Drake, left tackle; J. G. Halleck, left end; M. Wigglesworth, quarterback; J. J. Cooper, right halfback; W. Irving, left halfback; W. C. Bryant, fullback.

"Snap into it now! We have to perfect these new plays!" His words electrified the players to such a degree that Benny Franklin, the husky center, was able to catch the electricity with his key, and they plunged to it with a will.

Came the day! A crisp, snappy autumn day, just right for football.

Quincy kicked off and the ball sailed through the air straight into the arms of Fullback Bryant. After running five yards, to the wonder and amazement of all, he suddenly dropped the ball, took a small note-book from his pocket, and wrote down a sudden inspiration for his recently started poem. "Thanatopsis."

The teams lined up for the first down. At the signal of "Bay Psalm Book," Ben Franklin was to have snapped the ball

back, but when this signal was given, he was meditating on how to overcome his pride.

The next play was to be a pass to James Fenimore Cooper, right half-back, but when the ball was thrown to him he was engaged in a heated argument with Washington Irving over the relative merits of "The Last of the Mohicans" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York." The pass was caught by a Quincy player who gained twenty yards for the first touchdown of the game.

The rest of the game was a continual repetition of the first three downs. Quincy won by a score of 66-0, as athletics always will win and always have won over scholarship.

SUNRISE

BARBARA MORRISON, J.'29

One morning last summer I determined I would see a sunrise, so rising early, I left my slumbering comrades, jumped in the boat and rowed a little way out. It wasn't at all pretty at first; the water was dark and silent, the sky grey, and the trees looked like black skeletons, all around the lake. There wasn't a sound of any kind. Soon, however, over in the east, golden rays began pushing themselves through the grey, and soon Mr. Sun himself poked his face over the trees. Things became more life-like at the first rosy rays of the sun, birds began to sing, a chipmunk rushed up one of the trees, a little breeze stirred the water into sparkling ripples. The trees regained their greens and the leaves shimmered in the sun, casting dancing shadows on the water. The sky grew rosier and rosier and the sun rose higher and higher until at last it triumphed over the pine trees and "stood forth in all its glory." Sunrise was no more. Day had begun.

SNOW

WILLIAM THOMPSON, J.'29

Upon awakening in the early morning, I arose and peered out of the window. How changed everything was. In place of the dark ground there was nothing but a white blanket of snow. This blanket was torn by a fence, and now and then, a part of it was raised where a house popped through. There were several wrinkles in it where a snowplow had passed. In the branches of the trees the snow overhung like frills. A solitary man was the only living thing in sight. He was following the path made by the snowplow, leaving his foot-prints to soil the blanket. The sun seemed much brighter and it was necessary to close the eyes partially in order to see. Upon raising the window I inhaled the crisp, clear, winter air. This one breath seemed to drive away all sleepiness.

THE RETURN OF JERRY CRUNCHER

ELIZABETH EVANS, J.'29

Place: Hanging Sword Alley; White Friars, London.

Time: Just at twilight on a misty rainy day. The lamps are not lit yet.

Characters:

Jerry Cruncher
Young Jerry
Mrs. Cruncher

(As curtain rises "Aggrewater" is on her knees in the corner. Steps are heard in the hall and she jumps up hurriedly. Young Jerry comes in).

Agg: Oh!—Jerry!

Y. Jer: Ma, I telled yer 'twere no use ter flop fer pa. 'E's ha goner b'now, wot in ha 'eathen country han' hall.

Agg: Well—but—.

Y. Jer: But wot?

Agg: Hit seems s'if 'e 'ad orter come back Jerry, seems s'if.

Y. Jer: Hif 'e hever comes back hit'll be ter 'aunt yer.

Agg: Jerry—don't—Hi—Hi'm a scart of ghosts.

Y. Jer: No ma. (to himself) No more than I. My 'at! hif the old gent does 'aunt hus!—ma, I allus thought pa—(steps are heard on the stairs).

Agg: Who could hit be, han 'hit so late?

Y. Jer: (Laughs) Boarder, hupstairs (jerks his thumb upward).

Agg: (Dreamily) They sound like Jerry's feet—like 'e used ter come hup—nights—.

(Door opens. Jerry stands there. Agg. promptly "flops" and starts praying fast. Young Jerry stands and stares and then puts the table between himself and his father.)

Jerry: (self consciously) Can't yer say "'ello" to yer hold pa?

Y. Jer: (nervously) Come now! come now! If yer a ghost say so—. If yer foolin' chuck it, cos yer *can't* be my pa.

Jerry: Can't eh? Tut, tut, "Mrs. C." yer can't lose a bad penny. Git up and welcme yer wanderin' 'usband 'ome.

Y. Jer: (goes slowly over and finally reaches out and touches Jerry's sleeve. Sighs and grins with relief) Yes, it's yerself. But 'ow hare yer 'ere?

Agg: (runs to Jerry and throws arms around his neck) Oh Jerry, Jerry!

Jerry: Oh I say Mrs. C. stop slobberin' (pecks at her cheek) there!

Agg: Young-un, get a chair fer yer pa. Sit down Jerry—'eres a cup of tea—'ot it is. (Jerry takes tea and settles himself.)

Agg: Jerry — hi — well — uh — you — er — (gaining confidence.) Jerry wots come ower yer? Yer not the same.

Jerry: First off Mrs. C., I ain't wot I used ter be. My morals his broken an' hi've been shocked! Hi never thought ter see so many dead people.

Agg: Oh Jerry! An' were yer kilt?

Y. Jer: Ha! ha! Ma tha's a good un! 'E's 'ere right now ain't 'e?

Jerry: Hush up! I'll start agin from the beginnin' from the time I left 'ere and begun my journey. Hi gits on board the ship, arfter ridin' hin the cheese box hon wheels wot they calls a coach in Dover. (Our London coaches are better than they.) Then we starts off an' purty soon the cussed ship takes a dip here han' a dip there han' the waves aheavin' — plop! plop! agin' her sides. I never thot ter see France let alone my 'appy 'ome. (solemnly) Mrs. C. I most believed in floppin' then.

Y. Jer: Did yer? I mean flop.

Jerry: Naw—fer it stopped right hoff an' purty soon we gits off at Calay. Then comes another ride in a rattle trap ve a cle. The driver bein' as tight as a lord us was fair scart. S'elp me Gord, I ain't agoin' ter tyke strong liccer agin!

Agg: Praise be! But Jerry—in the papers they said them savages was arunnin' wild an' a killin' o' every one. 'Ow was yer safe?

Jerry: Hi is a *Henglishman*! Well then hi gets to Paris and Mr. Lorry's there and him an' me we goes ter see Mr. n' Mrs. Darnay. There was so many killin's there were blood everywhere. Blood er innercent women an' men. Han' there us stayed fer a long year an' daren't hardly poke us nose out the door.

Y. Jer: Why? You said you hare a' Henglishman!

Jerry: By this time the pack o' wolves had no care for Henglish er French. They was out ter kill and they'd kill anybody. I an' Miss Pross—.

Agg: (quickly) Who's that?

Jerry: Oh! A lady I met over there. Well as I was sayin, I an' M—.

Agg: Jerry! You went carousin' around with a *woman* an' yer pore wife at 'ome aweepin' fer yer? Oh Jerry! (starts to cry.)

Jerry: There Mrs. C. don't take on. Hit were oney on matter o' business. She were with Mrs. Darnay—Lucie Manette as wos.

Agg: Oh—(dries eyes) Well go on.

Jerry: Well then, Mr. Carton (the lawyer wot wos) goes ter the prison an' tykes pore Mr. Darnay's place. 'Twere a fool thing ter do but he done hit. No doubt Mrs. D. were glad but there—'twere no business o' mine. Then they all gits in the coach an' hescares.

Y. Jer: Pa, if Mrs. Darnay hescaped where were you? 'Ow did you git 'ome?

Jerry: 'Twere Mr. Lorry. He fixed it for I an' Miss Pross.

Agg: Now yer back Jerry wot will yer do?

Jerry: Mr. Lorry telled me ter git me old job. Say, (looking sharply at Y. Jerry) 'ow did yer git along when I were away?

Y. Jer: Well pa — yer see — 'twere this way—first off I becomed a "resurrection man" like you used ter be. An' then hi—well hi met a girl—.

Jerry: Soho! There's a gerl eh? Well, finish.

Y. Jer: She's a lady's maid pa, and 'er an' I got ter walkin' out o' a Sunday an' 'er said 'er 'ud get me a good *respectable* job. An' she did an' I'm a footman now.

Agg: Yes, Jerry—an' 'e makes more money than you used ter an'—.

Jerry: That's right, rub it in! Not but wot I'm glad yer stopped it, Jerry fer I'd have stopped it right soon.

Agg: Oh Jerry!

Jerry: Yes, I changed a lot in France.

Agg: Oh Jerry!

Jerry: Well my best wishes ter yer young un.

Y. Jer: (blushing) Thank 'e pa. (clock sounds) Eight! (Snatches hat from table) Toddle do! Ma an' pa. I and Suzie are walkin' out ter night (goes out and slams door.)

Jerry: Mrs. C., I'm tellin' yer now, I've no objections to yer floppin' any more but arfter this yer ter pray *out loud* so I'll know wot yer prayin'.

Agg: Oh Jerry!

(CURTAIN)

THE MOON

After reading Amy Lowell

MARJORIE HILL, J.'30

One night I woke from sleep
And gazed forth through the pane of glass
That is my window, into the night.
The moon was in the sky. It hung,
A silver bow suspended by some power;
The bow of Artemis a-hunting.
I slept.

I woke again; some few weeks had passed
Since I had seen the moon at midnight.
This night it was a slice of melon
And I felt refreshed. Again
I slept.

Once more I woke at night, and yet:
Again the moon was there;
This time a jolly jack o'lantern
Making faces at me. I laughed
And with the smile upon my lips,
I slept.

AUTUMN WINDS

DORIS E. EKSTROM, J.'28

The winds are merry whistling boys,
With puckered lips and laughing eyes,
Hands in their pockets—heads thrown back
They're striding through the skies.

CITY RAIN

DORIS E. EKSTROM, J.'28

Night-fog
Rain-drops, splashing in the mud puddles,
Winds, howling and shieking in the tree-tops,
Cars, whizzing by in the streets,
Crowds, dashing madly on the side-walks.
Umbrella-topped, slicker-clad people, bumping into
one another,
Muttering "Pardon," rushing onwards—
Oh, for the dripping quiet of rain in the woods!

TO MY STAR

DORIS E. EKSTROM, J.'28

Oh star above, whose gleam I see
Far away in the blue of the sky,
I've followed you for many a year
And I'll follow you till I die.
You're an inspiration fine and true,
You're a comfort in all sorrow,
Your rays shine far and give to me
A promise for the morrow.
Oh star above! star that I love!
Ne'er let your rays grow dim—
You've pointed out the way for me
As you showed the birth of Him!

THE STUNT MAN

HARRISON FISK, F.'28

Billy Walker was a stunt man; that is, when a movie company had a hard stunt in which they did not wish to risk their star's neck, they called on him, and Billy did it. In fact, he did these stunts so often that the doctors in all the nearby hospitals soon called him by his first name.

Billy had done all sorts of tricks for the "movies." He had wrecked cars, jumped off cliffs, done airplane thrills, in short, almost everything which a stunt man can do, and live. One day a director phoned him.

"Hello, Billy. Say, I've got a little trick for you; hop over to the Ince Studios right off. All right? Fine."

In accordance with the code of the stunt men, Billy had agreed without hesitating; but now, as he hung up the receiver, his last stunt at the Ince Studios came into his mind. Ince was a specialist in thrillers, and Billy's memory showed him at the wheel of a speeding car. A tire blew out, there was a crash, and the nurse greeted him with: "Hello, Billy, back again."

He also remembered director Ince's own words: "Most stunt men are killed before they last five years, but you're their king, Billy; you'll never die."

In spite of this, however, Billy "hopped" and was soon again before the director. This time his trick was to race a train to a crossing, and beat it by a few inches. Billy didn't like the job, and plainly said so. "Not so good," he said, "Suppose that engineer misjudges his speed?"

"But," argued the director, "we've studied it, and figured it out so you'll zip across just in front of the train."

"Oh, I'll do it," answered Billy, "but, as I said before, I don't like it."

He liked it even less when he sat at the wheel of the car which he was to drive. Guarding against loss, the company had not obtained a new, speedy car, but one which had seen its best days.

He requested one speed test before he did the stunt, and the director agreed. Billy found that the car was not fast, by any means, but he thought that he had a fair chance of living through the stunt.

Having once made up his mind, he sat easily in the antique, awaiting the signal which would start him off. At last it came, and as his foot pressed the accelerator, the speedometer climbed slowly to the desired speed.

As he came near the crossing, however, the train seemed a little too far along for safety. Billy reasoned that the train was supposed to come very close, but another thought sprang up in his mind that it would be unpleasant, to say the least, to have it come too close.

Now the crossing was only a few feet away, and his mind was far from easy; a presentiment told him that he could not possibly cross before that speeding train, but he tried to compose himself and remain calm. It did seem, however, when he found himself already at the wheel before the camera that he might speed up a little, and his foot nervously stamped the accelerator. The old car, already taxed to capacity, gasped, and paused a moment, then leaped ahead. But that moment's hesitation had wrought his undoing. With a despairing gesture he twisted the car away from the train, but it was too late. There was a rending smash, and a large part of the car, containing Billy, went flying off to one side.

They pulled him out and revived him. We was found to be not badly hurt, only badly bruised and shaken up.

"Well," exclaimed the director, "we'll have to shoot that over. Get that other car, Danny. We'll do it now, before the light fails."

"If you do, you'll do it without me," declared Billy.

"But, Billy, you aren't hurt, you're only shaken up a little."

"Listen here," retorted Billy, "I've had all I want; I'm through, d'ye hear? I'm through. This is the last stunt I'll ever try. That was too close. You said I was

the king of stunt men, I'd never die. Well, I won't. At least, not from a "movie" stunt. I'm going into the clothing business or something else that's safe. I'm through!"

A STUDY IN SENIORS

SARA STONE, J.'82

Just think what it means to be a Senior! The Freshman's greatest ambition is to be nothing more than one of those supposedly "privileged" persons.

But how different it is after one has attained this desirable position! First, we have the young man who must let everyone know who and what he is. Usually he is one of the football squad or one who says, "Oh, I didn't care to be on the team." Most likely, you will see him strutting around in the corridors—his time is all his own. As a "Senior," he figures he is now entitled to some leisure, regardless of homework. In study rooms he is always reading either a newspaper or magazine. You know, when one is a Senior one can enjoy one's self—his idea of superiority.

Next, we have that breezy, know-it-all girl. The fact that she is also one of the superior is not of much consequence, as she, most likely, has always been and always will be, a self-chosen leader. Of course, you will find her on one of the executive committees—ring, photograph, or reception committee. The fact that she is on a committee of this kind just shows that she *is* a Senior. As long as the rest of the superior know that *she* is one of them (an exective, too!), she is satisfied.

Of course, as in classes, there is the studious pupil—the teachers' idea of a perfect Senior. Most of you will say, a girl of course, but it is not always so. To see a really studious boy is something that I do not care for (it seems so unnatural), although I do think a boy should show some evidence of having studied his homework. However, these cases are very rare for you will seldom find a boy so very in-

tent on his studies that he would miss a football game.

The greater part of the Seniors belong to the mediocre class. They are the pupils who are indifferent to the fact that they are one of the "privileged." Merely glance at one of them and your first impression will be that he is a Sophomore or a Junior. But at a second glance you will see that bored expression on his face—the only thing to show that he is a Senior. He adopts this rather sophisticated air so as to appear what he really is.

But the Senior students, as a whole, are not the type that are inclined to manage the school. Before I was a Senior I looked forward to the time when I should be one, but now I find it no different from being a Sophomore or Junior. As the saying goes, "After you get what you want you do not care for it;" so it is in the case of wanting to be a Senior.

F. '28 CLASS SONG

Since the cross in the road of school life
Is quickly drawing nigh
We come to bid a farewell
To our dear old Quincy High.
As we pause a moment
To recall past happy days
We offer tribute to our own school
Ere we go on our various ways.

As our time glides away so swiftly
And the days grow into years,
Some of us may win glory,
E'en a nation's ringing cheers.
Where'er our road may lead us
In this world of the great unknown,
Now to the end let us work with zeal,
Thus to reap what we have sown.

REFRAIN

We think you, Alma Mater, dear,
For the training day by day
That prepares us for our journey
Down life's busy, long highway.

At the time the GOLDEN ROD went to press the music was not completed.



GOLDEN-ROD STAFF, JANUARY, 1928



FEB. '28

We, the Class of F.'28, enjoy a distinction which none can share. We have attended school in this beautiful building longer than any other class has, or ever will, unless there is a radical change in the policy of the school, for we entered this edifice as high freshmen when it was opened, in nineteen hundred and twenty-four. Since that time, the lowest class here has been the low sophomore class. There is, therefore, no class which will take with it, when it graduates, such a wealth of pleasant memories as does the class of F.'28. Our three and one-half years of education in the new Quincy High School have been overflowing with contacts which it will always be pleasing to recall. We have made friends and met teachers whose associations have been of infinite value to us. Their aid has been invaluable, and will always be a source of inspiration for us. Through our years in this building we have kept it clean and new. We leave it to you, seniors, juniors, sophomores, and we charge you with its care.

H. F.

BETTER SUBSCRIPTIONS

We want more subscriptions! We think we have a good magazine, but we want to prove it to you. The only way we have

is for you to buy a copy and convince yourself. Do you realize your school magazine is one of the few school activities entirely self-supporting? Many of the other student enterprises are supported by the school funds, not by the members of the school themselves.

We try to give you a review of all the social and sport activities of the school, a few good poems and stories, with one or two pages of home-grown humor to brighten your outlook. We even tuck in the gossip and occupations of the foregoing classes to keep you up to date concerning your worthy predecessors.

Although many of the students have shown their school loyalty by supporting this publication, there are some who are neglecting to do so. To those and to the incoming sophomores who are, perhaps, unacquainted with the *GOLDEN ROD*, I appeal. Support your school magazine!

R. C.

A WARNING

Now that the football season is ended, don't sit back and think that school sports are over until baseball begins in the Spring. Don't forget your lungs and money are needed for another important sport, basketball. How many disregard, during the winter months, the fact that we have another high school team sweat-

ing and fighting for the honor and glory of Quincy High? How many neither encourage nor support the team by attending the games? Forget not, that these boys toil as hard as the heroes of other sports, and that they especially deserve your due praise. Remember, school spirit is best shown by supporting all sports, regardless of your personal preference.

R. C.

GOING UP

Many times in the past the students have been asked to refrain from annoying motorists with their entreaties for rides to or from school. Just as many times this request has been ignored. The school authorities even found it necessary to publish a notice in the Quincy paper asking drivers to refuse to grant lifts to students.

Groups of lazy boys, however, are still found standing in the thoroughfares of Quincy using the well known sign, the jerking of thumbs.

It is a bad habit to get into as it diminishes self respect and promotes sloth. A motorist traveling through Quincy receives a bad impression. Instead of seeing a crowd of sturdy boys using their legs for their given purpose, he sees an indolent group of fellows lined along the streets with appealing faces and expressive hands, evidently too exhausted to walk, and too poor for a car ticket. He leaves the city with mingled feelings, pity for their condition, but anger for the annoyance they cause.

There are only a few boys who daily participate in this sport, but those few are enough to give Quincy High a bad name. Why not show your school spirit and help to build up a good reputation for both the City of Quincy, and the Quincy High, by walking?

R. C.



"LET THEM BE KNOWN BY THEIR DEEDS"

- ABATE, JULIA** "Ju"
Big Sister Club, '26.
"Silence is a friend that will never betray."
- ANDERSON, RUTH** "Rufus," "Ruthie"
Joke Editor of Golden Rod; Thalia Club; Tennis, '27; Hockey, '26; Class Day Committee; Lunch Room Marshal.
"Take a little time, count five-and-twenty."
- ARDISSINO, ANNA**
"For whom do you fluff your hair, plain in your neatness?"
- BACKMAN, EDITH** "Edie"
Q-B Club; Easter Pageant, '26.
"Your gentleness shall force more than your force move us to gentleness."
- BAKER, OLIVE** "Cecile"
Class Song Committee.
"I say just what I think, and nothing more or less."
- BARAM, ELIZABETH** "Liz"
Big Sister Club, '26; Lunch Room Marshal.
"With volleys of eternal babble."
- BARRON, ESTHER**
Glee Club, '26, '27; Spring Concert, '27; Easter Pageant, '26; Lunch Room Marshal.
"A sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of her own verbosity."
- BARTLETT, JOHN** "Johnny," "Bart"
Glee Club, '24, '27; Track, '24, '27.
"Religion does not censure or exclude
Unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued."
- BARTLETT, LOUISE** "Lou," "Cliff"
Art Editor of Golden Rod; Nominating Committee; Football Reception Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Basketball, '24; Tag Girl, '25; Tennis, '27.
"For men may come and men may go
But I go on forever."
- BARTLETT, RUTH**
Spring Concert, '26, '27; Glee Club, '26, '27.
"Nothing is more foolish than foolish laughter."
- BELL, GEORGE** "Fat"
Glee Club, '24, '25; Orchestra, '23, '24, '25; Football, '27; Track, '25, '26.
"Wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason."
- BETTINI, CATHERINE** "Katie"
Spanish Club.
"I see no objection to stoutness—in moderation."
- BISSETT, ROBERT** "Bob"
Hi-Y; Basketball, '27; Glee Club, '25; Dramatics Committee; Football Reception Committee.
"It is impossible to enjoy idling thoroughly unless one has plenty of work to do."
- BONE, DOROTHY** "Dot"
Glee Club; Spring Concert; Exchange Editor of Golden Rod; Football Reception Committee; Class Day Committee; Library Staff.
"It's good to be merry and wise."
- BRYANT, CLAUDIA**
"A quiet even temperament, and in her work she's quite content."
- BRUTON, GERTRUDE** "Gert"
Basketball, '24, '25, '26, '27; Field Hockey, '26, '27; Lunch Room Marshal; Candy Girl; Tennis, '26.
"Hang Sorrow! care will kill a cat, and therefore let's be merry."
- BUCKWELL, PRISCILLA**
Senior Dramatics; Basketball, '26; Tennis, '27; English Club, '27.
"There is no wisdom like frankness."
- BUGEL, ELEANOR** "Ellen"
"A good heart is better than all the heads in the world."

- BUGEL, ROSAMOND "Bob"
 "Rich and rare were the jewels she wore,
 And a bright gold ring in her hand she bore."
- BUTMAN, DOROTHY "Dot"
 Glee Club, '24, '25, '26, '27.
 "Come, sing now, sing; for I know you sing well."
- CAIN, MARION "Dickey"
 Orchestra.
 "Music is well said to be the speech of angels."
- CAMERON, MARION "Jill"
 "Children should be seen, but not heard."
- CARLSON, STANLEY
 "As those move easiest have learned to dance."
- CASTLEMAN, EVA "Cassy"
 Glee Club; Pin Committee; Big Sister Club, '26;
 Traffic Squad; Lunch Room Marshal; Spring Concert.
 "A girl light-hearted and content."
- CATARIUS, EDNA "Mike"
 Hallowe'en Dance Committee; Photograph Committee.
 "I am all the daughters of my father's house,
 and all the brothers too."
- CEDARSTROM, CURTIS "Swede"
 "Bliss is the same in subject or in King."
- CHAMBERLAIN, KATHRYN "Kay"
 Pin Committee; Lunch Room Marshal.
 "Pride goeth before destruction
 And a haughty spirit before a fall."
- CHAPMAN, ARTHUR "Chappie"
 Track, '25, '26, '27; Cross-country, '26, '27;
 Basketball, '26.
 "Happy am I; from care I am free;
 Why aren't they all contented like me,"
- CHERRINGTON, CAROLYN "Cherries"
 Alumni Editor of Golden Rod; Glee Club, '25,
 '26, '27; Class Day Committee; Traffic Squad.
 "Grieving's a folly,
 Come, let's all be jolly!"
- CHRISTENSEN, RALPH "Biba"
 Football, '26, '27.
 "Silence and solitude, the soul's best friend."
- CISLAGHI, VICTORIA "Vic"
 Basketball; Hockey; Hiking Club; Big Sister Club, '26.
 "She comes, the herald of a noisy world."
- CONNORS, LOUIS "Red"
 Football, '25, '26, '27; Baseball, '26, '27; Basketball, '26, '27.
 "He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back."
- CORBIN, RUTH "Ruthie"
 Spanish Club; Big Sister Club, '26; Hallowe'en Dance Committee.
 "Oh, leave the gay and festive scenes,
 The halls of dazzling light."
- COX, ELIOT "Coxy"
 "To draw-ah! That is life to me!"
- CROTTY, DONALD "Duke"
 "Why study history? I make it!"
- CULLMAN, ALICE
 Thalia Club; Lunch Room Marshal; Big Sister Club, '27.
 "If Ladies be but young and fair they have the right to know it."
- CURRAN, CATHERINE
 "In truth, Sir! She is honest and gentle."
- DAHLBERG, HAZEL
 Thalia Club; Q-B Club; Big Sister Club, '26;
 Christmas Pageant, '26.
 "'Tis not in mortals to command success,
 But we'll do more—we'll deserve it."
- DALY, WILLIAM "Bill"
 Track, '25, '26; Traffic Squad.
 "Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow
 Nature had written—Gentleman."
- DAVIDSON, RONALD
 "Hold the fort! I am coming!"
- DEANS, CHARLES
 "Who can wrestle against sleep?
 Yet is that giant very Gentleness."
- DE COSTE, GERTRUDE
 Big Sister Club, '26; Spanish Club.
 "She pleased when distant, but when near she charmed."
- DEEHAN, GEORGE "Bud"
 Football, '26; Hallowe'en Dance Committee;
 Senior Prom Committee.
 "O give me the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall."

- DENNEEN, DOROTHY "Dot"
Class Prophecy; News Editor of Golden Rod;
Class Day Play; Hiking Club; Spanish Club;
English Club.
"What's the use of worrying? It never was
worth while."
- DI BONA, GILDA "Gil"
Hiking Club; Big Sister Club.
"Speech is great, but silence is greater."
- DI BONA, MARGUERITE "Margie"
Hiking Club; Big Sister Club.
"We must laugh before we are happy, for fear
we die before we laugh at all."
- DJERF, CHARLES "Charlie"
Band, '25, '26, '27; Orchestra, '26; Class Day
Committee.
"Never a trouble, never a frown."
- DREW, CLARA "Bob"
"I have a heart with room for every joy."
- DUNHAM, ROBERT "Bob"
"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."
- DUNPHY, JOHN "Du," "Jack"
Track, '26, '27.
"Not too serious, not too gay, but altogether a
jolly good fellow."
- EATON, NEIL
Football, '25, '26, '27; Basketball, '25, '26.
"The voice of the schoolboy rallies the ranks.
"Play up, play up! and play the game!"
- EMERY, DORIS "Dot"
Big Sister Club, '26; Lunch Room Marshal.
"Do well and right and let the world sink."
- FABRIZIO, PHILIP "Flip"
Traffic Squad.
"Of all noises I think music the least disagree-
able."
- FAHEY, EDITH "Ferry"
Lunch Room Marshal; Basketball; Big Sister
Club, '26; Spring Concert.
"Better late than never."
- FISK, HARRISON "Fiskey"
Editor-in-Chief of Golden Rod; English Club;
Class Prophecy; Class Day Play; Christmas
Play, '27; Usher, '25, '26, '27.
"Why is this thus? What is the reason for this
thousness?"
- FITZGERALD, MARGARET "Peggy"
Basketball, '24; Big Sister Club, '26.
"Serene, yet warm; humane, yet firm in mind."
- FLEISHMAN, ETHEL "Honey"
Orchestra, '24, '25, '26, '27; Spring Concert, '26,
'27; Lunch Room Marshal, '26; Big Sister
Club, '26; English Club; Basketball, '24.
"Then she would fuss,
Oh, how she could fuss!"
- FOLGER, DORIS "Dot"
"Sober, steadfast, and demure."
- FREW, MARGARET "Peg"
Big Sister Club, '26.
"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."
- GABRIEL, CHARLES "Charley," "Chic"
Basketball, '25, '26, '27; President of Hi-Y
Club; Photograph Committee; Athletic Editor
of Golden Rod; Senior Dramatics; Chief
Marshal, '27; Football Reception Committee.
"I am the master of my fate!
I am the captain of the soul."
- GALVIN, WALTER
Orchestra, '25.
"He is wise who dost talk but little."
- GERRIOR, KATHERINE "Kay"
Tennis; Track; Thalia Club; Spring Concert;
Photograph Committee.
"And there's nothing half so sweet in life as
love's young dream!"
- GIZZARELLI, JOHN "Gizzy"
Baseball, '27; Advertising Manager of Golden
Rod; Band, '25, '26, '27; Spring Concert, '26,
'27.
"Joy arises in me like summer's morn."
- GOLDBRANSON, LEONARD "Pike," "Goldy"
Basketball, '26; Football, '27; Senior Prom Com-
mittee; Lunch Room Marshal; Glee Club, '25,
'27; Spring Concert, '26, '27; Hi-Y.
"Alas! The love of women! It is known to be a
lovely and a fearful thing."
- GRAF, CHARLES "Charlie"
Class Treasurer; Assistant Advertising Manager
of Golden Rod; Hi-Y; Class Day Committee.
"His bark is worse than his bite."
- GRANAHAN, FRANCIS
"Pleasures are our greatest evils or our greatest
good."
- GRAVES, LORRIMER
"Silence has its advantages."
- GREENHALGH, ROBERT "Bones"
Baseball, '27; Basketball, '27, '28.
"Of all eloquence, a nick-name is the most con-
cise;
Of all arguments, the most unanswerable."

GRIFFIN, FRANCIS "Grif"
 Football, '26, '27; Hockey, '25, '26;
 "Nothing to blush for, and nothing to hide,
 Trust in his character far and wide."

GROGAN, JOSEPH "Joe"
 "Thy actions to thy work accord."

HACKETT, MARIE "Rhea"
 Big Sister Club, '26; Basketball, '25.
 "A maiden never bold,
 Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
 Blushed at herself."

HARDING, ALEXANDER "Alec," "Al"
 Cross-country, '25; Track, '27; Senior Dramatics; Traffic Squad.
 "Good orators, when they are out of words,
 they will spit."

HAYDEN, RUTH
 Tag Girl, '24, '25, '26; Glee Club, '24, '25, '26, '27; Big Sister Club, '26; Orchestra, '24, '26, '27.
 "How inimitably graceful children are before
 they learn to dance."

HENRICKSON, RACHEL "Rae"
 Big Sister Club, '26; Glee Club, '25.
 "With countenance demure and modest grace."

HOLDEN, LORETTA "Retta"
 Spring Concert, '26, '27; Lunch Room Marshal;
 Big Sister Club, '26; Spanish Club.
 "Her merry face made sunshine in a shady
 place."

HUTT, GENEVIEVE
 Big Sister Club, '26.
 "So very kind, yet silent."

HYTTINEN, VIOLA
 "A friend may well be reckoned the master
 piece of nature."

JOHNSON, JUSTIN
 "Silence is golden."

JOHNSON, JOHN
 "Just twixt the age of boy and youth,
 When thought is speech and speech is truth."

JOHNSON, SIGRID "Sig"
 "A friend alike in sunshine and in storm."

KINGHORN, ELIZABETH
 Class Secretary; President of Big Sister Club;
 Literary Editor of Golden Rod; Thalia Club;
 Class Prophecy Committee; Class Day Play;
 Literary Staff; Lunch Room Marshal.
 "Her stature tall; I hate a dumpy woman."

LABADIE, EMMA
 Big Sister Club, '27.
 "Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."

LA BRECQUE, PHILIP "Phil"
 Football, '26, '27; Hi-Y; Advertising Manager of
 Golden Rod, '26, '27; Business Manager, '27,
 '28; Senior Dramatics Committee; Lunch
 Room Marshal.
 "The heart of honor, the tongue of truth."

LAING, MARY "Molly"
 Orchestra, '24, '25, '26, '27; Secretary-Treasurer
 of Big Sister Club; Class Song Committee;
 Class Lawyer; Lunch Room Marshal; Class
 Day Play.
 "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

LEONE, ANSELMO
 Glee Club, '24; Traffic Squad.
 "The only merit of a man is his sense."

LUCE, ROBERT
 Treasurer of English Club; Hallowe'en Dance
 Committee; Christmas Play, '27; Class
 Prophecy Committee; Class Day Play; Usher;
 Nominating Committee.
 "Geometry is the mother of all natural science."

MACBETH, LORNA
 Easter Play, '25; Q-B Club, '27.
 "To women silence is the best ornament."

MCGINTY, JOHN
 "He is the very pineapple of politeness."

MCGINNESS, MARY
 Big Sister Club, '26.
 "For mirth prolongeth life and causeth health."

MCKIM, CAROL
 Orchestra, '26; Thalia Club; Class History.
 "If music be the food of love, play on."

MCLEOD, STANLEY "Mac," "Stan"
 Hallowe'en Dance Committee; Class Lawyer;
 Football, '25, '26, '27; Baseball, '25, '26, '27.
 "In rage, deaf as the sea, hasty as fire."

MACWILLIAMS, ELOISE
 Big Sister Club, '26.
 "Where the stream runneth smoothest, the
 water is deepest."

MAGEE, ROSE
 "I count myself in nothing else so happy
 As a soul remembering my good friends."

MARINI, ANNA
 "She may be little, but, Oh, my!"

MATTIE, MARY
 Big Sister Club, '26.
 "It is very small for its age."

MITCHELL, KENNETH

"And ever more he said, 'Tomorrow.'"

MITCHELL, MARGARET

Big Sister Club, '26.

"Wearing her wisdom lightly."

MORRISON, MARGARET

"A girl she seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."

MORSE, LUCILLE

Tag Girl, '25; Candy Girl.

"The spirit of the time shall teach me speed."

NELSON, RUTH

"Rufus"

Q-B Club; Orchestra, '26, '27; Big Sister Club,
'26; Glee Club, '25.

"A sight to delight in."

NOVER, HELEN

Orchestra, '27.

"O, who can cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast."

O'BRIEN, ARTHUR

Baseball, '25, '26, '27; Athletic Council; Hal-
lowe'en Dance Committee; Football Recep-
tion Committee; Senior Prom Committee;
Usher; Soccer, '27; Lunch Room Marshal;
Hi-Y.

"He was so generally civil that nobody thanked
him for it."

OGILVIE, KENT

Soccer, '27.

"I am the very slave of circumstance and im-
pulse."

O'MALLY, LUCY

Thalia Club; Pin Committee; Dance Commit-
tee; Senior Prom Committee; Lunch Room
Marshal; Big Sister Club, '26; Tag Girl;
Candy Girl.

"She be sweet, saucy, and pert."

PAIGE, EDITH

Big Sister Club, '27; Lunch Room Marshal;
Basketball Reception Committee.

"Deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll
drown my books."

PAGAN, HARRY

Orchestra, '24, '25, '26.

"The world knows only two—that's Rome and
I."

PELTO, RUTH

Spanish Club; Lunch Room Marshal; Big Sister
Club, '26; English Club; Hiking Club.

"Merit is worthier than fame."

PHILLIPS, ARTHUR

English Club, '26.

"An unassuming man who plods the straight
course."

PITKANEN, EINO

"Put not your trust in money, but put your
money in trust."

PONTI, IRENE

Q-B Club.

"Serene, and resolute, and still
And calm, and self-possessed."

PURPURA, ERNEST

Assistant manager of track team, '25.

"People are never so near playing the fool as
when they think themselves wise."

QUINTILIANI, ENES

Big Sister Club, '26.

"Come, my best friends, my books, and lead
me on."

REARDON, JOSEPH

"Joe"

Football, '25, '26.

"And after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but the truth
in masquerade."

REARDON, ROBERT

"He hears merry tales and smiles not."

REDDY, CATHERINE

Orchestra, '25; English Club; Hiking Club; Big
Sister Club, '26; Basketball; Spanish Club.

"Fair words never hurt the tongue."

RIZZI, STELLA

"'Twas a strange riddle of a lady."

ROBINSON, HORBERT

President of class; Basketball, '26, '27, '28, Cap-
tain, '27; Athletic Council, '26; Class Day
Play; Glee Club, '24, '27; Vice-President Hi-Y
Club.

"A man of personality to carry everything be-
fore him."

ROSSING, WILLIAM

Football, '27; Class Historian.

"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit."

ROWE, EVELINE

"Ev"

Glee Club, '24.

"The sincere alone can recognize sincerity."

RUSSELL, MARJORIE

Basketball, '25, '26.

"An unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed and danced, and talked and sung."

SCHWARTZ, IDA

Glee Club, '24; Traffic Squad; English Club;
Spanish Club; Nominating Committee; Big
Sister Club, '26; Lunch Room Marshal.

"Young woman,
Why do you talk, and talk, and talk?"

SCHWARTZ, SAMUEL

Football; Orchestra.

"There is no true orator who is not a hero."

SHANGOLD, MARY

Glee Club; English Club; Big Sister Club, '26.

"With the greatest of ease.

She majored in E's."

SHARKEY, JAMES

"Jimmie"

Football; Basketball.

"Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts.

SHORTER, ELINOR

"O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!"

SMITH, ALAN

"Al"

"Shut up in measureless contentment."

SMITH, GLADYS

Basketball; Hallowe'en Dance Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Football Reception Committee; Big Sister Club, '26; Senior Dramatics.

"The essential difference between painting and daubing is that a painter lays not a grain more color than is needed."

TAPPER, INGRID

Lunch Room Marshal.

"Silent, still, and peaceful is she."

THAYER, BERTHA

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

THOMAS, AUDRY

"Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are ever epochs."

THOMAS, MILDRED

Basketball, '25; Lunch Room Marshal.

"A rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun."

TOLMAN, WINFIELD

"The blast that blows loudest is soon overblown."

VAUGHN, WALTER

"We had no fitter to trust than you."

VERGOBBI, JOSEPHINE

Big Sister Club, '26; Basketball.

"There are not many more like me."

WAISANEN EINO

Manager of Track, '26; Manager of Cross-Country, '26; Spring Concert, '26, '27; Track, '27.

"The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars,

Nor its great scholars great men."

WELCH, BARBARA

Glee Club.

"Maiden! with the meek brown eyes."

WIDLUND, MARY

Vice-President of class; Treasurer of Thalia Club; Basketball Captain, '24, '25, '26; Hockey; Tag Girl; Big Sister Club, '27; Lunch Room Marshal; Traffic Squad.

"One good turn deserves another."

WYMAN, WILNER

"Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics.

ZOTTOLI, ROBERT

"Bob"

Football.

"We will not anticipate the past; so mind, young people,—our retrospection will be all to the future."



Who's Who in February 1928

Who is the most popular girl?

Edna Catarius.

Who is the most popular fellow?

Hobart Robinson.

Who is the laziest?

Joe Grogan won with James Sharkey and Robert Bisset coming in strong.

Who is the class baby?

James Sharkey beat Leo Burns by one point.

Who is the class shiek?

Leonard Golbranson.

Who is the prettiest girl?

Louise Bartlett.

Who is the wittiest?

Charles Djerf.

Who is the class grind?

Robert Luce.

Who is the best athlete?

Mary Widlund and "Red" Connors.

Who is the class flirt?

Ruth Corbin.

Who is the old maid?

Olive Baker.

Who is the class comedian?

Charles Djerf.

Who is the most popular with the ladies?

Leonard Golbranson.

Who is the most original?

"Joe" Reardon.

Who is the class book worm?

Robert Luce.

Who is the most dependable?

Elizabeth Kinghorn.

Who is the class fabricator?

"Joe" Reardon.

Who holds the highest position?

John McGinty.

Who holds the lowest position?

Aura Marini.

Who is the most popular with himself or herself?

Priscilla Buckwell and Alexander Harding.

Who is the class musician?

Ruth Hayden won, with Mary Laing a close second.

Who is the politician?

"Phil" LaBrecque.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF-



FRANCIS GRIFFIN
DECIDED LOLLYPOPS
WERE HIS MAIN
EXISTENCE



"JOE" REARDON
TOOK UP
BALLET DANCING



CHARLES DJERF
CAME TO SCHOOL
IN A PERAMBULATOR



"HOBBO" ROBINSON
+
"JIM" SHARKEY

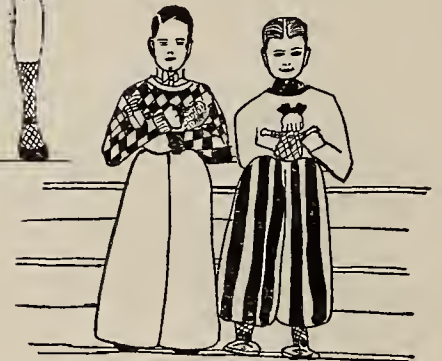
RUSHED TO MEET
MR COLLINS EVERY
MORNING - ON KIDDY KARS



"BOB" ZOTTOLI
WORE
A LORD FAUNTLEROY
SUIT, AND CARRIED
A TEDDY BEAR



"CHARLIE" GABRIEL
REPRESENTED "PETER PAN"



NEIL EATON
+
RED CONNORS
PLAYED DOLLS ON THE
STEPS OF G.N.S

*lothrop
J'28*

Class Census

<i>Name</i>	<i>Famous for</i>	<i>Hobby</i>	<i>Fit for</i>
Abate, Julia	Being quiet	Silence	Somebody
Anderson, Ruth	Deliberateness	Jokes	<i>Judge</i>
Ardissino, Anna	Her hair	Powdering her nose	Stenographer
Backman, Edith	Cuteness	Quietness	Matron
Baker, Olive	Originality	Dancing	Old maid
Baram, Elizabeth	Her shieks	Talking about 'em	Ruben
Barron, Esther	Vocabulary	Talking	Orator
Bartlett, John	Strength	Bicycle riding	Janitor
Bartlett, Louise	Her walk	Clothes	Musty Dooit
Bartlett, Ruth	Giggling	Making faces	Facial contortionist
Bell, George	Wavy hair	Being absent	Piano mover
Bettini, Catherine	Obligingness	Typewriting	2nd Katinka
Bisett, Robert	His posture	Basketball	"Stage-door Johnny"
Bone, Dorothy	Library work	Dancing	Librarian
Bryant, Claudia	Cuteness	Boy friends	One of them
Bruton, Gertrude	Her laugh	Sports	Gym teacher
Buckwell, Priscilla	Frankness	Bossing	Orator
Bugel, Eleanor	Good work	Being nice	Fame
Bugel, Rosamond	Jewelry	Boys	Woolworth's
Butman, Dorothy	Gentlemen prefer 'em	Can't guess	Chorus girl
Cain, Marian	Bill	Bill	Bill
Cameron, Marian	Talking	"Knowing it all"	Reporter
Carlson, Stanley	His height	Dancing	County sheriff
Castleman, Eva	Latin	Latin	Latin teacher
Catarius, Edna	Her laugh	Dancing	Hobart
Cedarstrom, Curtis	His humor	Jokes	Pierrot
Chamberlain, Kathryn	Grimaces	Men	2nd Peggy Joyce
Chapman, Arthur	Haircomb	Gambling	Slikum ad
Cherrington, Carolyn	Her nerve	Themes	Private Secretary
Christenson, Ralph	Crowning glory	Trig.	Waiter
Cislaghi, Victoria	Funny remarks	History	Comedienne
Connors, Louis	His hair	Football	2nd "Red" Grange
Corbin, Ruth	Talking to "him"	Flirting	Some shiek
Cox, Elliott	Posters	Drawing	Cartoonist
Crotty, Donald	Working (?)	History (?)	Historian
Cullman, Alice	Neatness	Being nice	Juliet
Currion, Catherine	Gentleness	Home	Doctor's wife
Dahlberg, Hazel	Efficiency	Studying	Efficiency expert
Daly, William	Hanging around	George Bennet	Bus driver
Davidson, Ronald	Few words	Quietness	Minister
Deans, Charles	His height	Grinning	Butler
De Coste, Gertrude	Flirting	Boys	Vampire
Deehan, George	Football	Night life	Night watchman
Denneen, Dorothy	Speed	Blushing	Newspaper reporter
DiBona, Gilda	"Says"	Talking	Saleslady
DiBona, Marguerite	Ability	"Vicy"	Typist
Djerf, Charles	His grin	Doing homework (?)	Athlete
Drew, Clara	That laugh!	Drawing	Stage
Dunham, Robert	History	History	Politician
Dunphy, Jack	His voice	Track	Train announcer
Eaton, Neil	Being captain	Football	Doorman
Emery, Doris	Her humor	Drawing	<i>College Humor</i>
Fabrizio, Philip	Good nature	Avoiding work	Politician
Fahey, Edith	Being late	Starting arguments in History	Filene's basement

<i>Name</i>	<i>Famous for</i>	<i>Hobby</i>	<i>Fit for</i>
Fisk, Harrison	"Movies"	"Movies"	"Movie" producer
Fitzgerald, Margaret	Her giggle	Don't know	Chaperone
Fleishman, Ethel	Hair	Bookkeeping	Lawyer
Folger, Doris	Being nice	Tennis	Antique dealer
Frew, Margaret	Not reciting	She hasn't told us	Stenographer
Gabriel, Charles	Many activities	Hi-Y	Gym. teacher
Galvin, Walter	Minding his own business	Same	Plumber
Gerrior, Katherine	Edward	Edward	Edward
Gizzerelli, John	Baseball	Band	Trap drummer
Golbranson, Leonard	Women	Women	Gladys
Graf, Charles	Not dancing	Music	Judge
Granahan, Francis	Candy	Eating it	Hilliard's
Graves, Lorimer	Silence	Silence	Silent policemen
Greenhalgh, Robert	His nickname	Baseball	"Boneyard"
Griffin, Francis	Punting	Football	All-star eleven
Grogan, Joseph	Baseball	Loafing	Dog catcher
Hackett, Marie	Being quiet	History	Minister's wife
Harding, Alexander	History	Bluffing	Big business
Hayden, Ruth	Kiddishness	Bertram	Bertram
Hendrickson, Rachel	Carol	Carol	Someone
Holden, Loretta	Cuteness	Boys	We wonder
Hutt, Genevieve	Silence	Being quiet	Somebody nice
Hyttinen, Viola	Being nice	Sigrid	Nurse
Johnson, Gosta	Quietness	Quietness	Grave-digger
Johnson, John	Noise	Can't guess	Valet
Johnson, Sigrid	Being nice	Viola	Matron of Orphan Asylum
Kinghorn, Elizabeth	Good marks	Big Sister Club	President's wife
Labadie, Emma	The "grippe"	Gordon	Gordon
LaBrecque, Philip	Being manager	Girls	Financier
Laing, Mary	"Hi"	Orchestra	2nd Leginska
Leone, Anselmo	His smile	Traffic duty	Cop
Luce, Robert	Getting E's	Math	Math. Prof.
MacBeth, Lorna	English	Don't know	Schoolma'am
McGinty, John	His height	Drawing	Cartoonist
McGuinness, Mary	Light hair	Talking in class	Business school
McKim, Carol	Naivete	"Rae"	Model
McLeod, Stanley	"Wisecracks"	Teachers	No one knows
MacWilliams, Eloise	Insignificance	Quietness	Florist
Magee, Rose	Typing	Typing	Typist
Marini, Aura	Wavy hair	Mr. Millard	Kresge's
Mattie, Mary	Height	Complacency	Matrimony
Mitchell, Margaret	Laughing	Rose	Woolworth's
Mitchell, Kenneth	Length	Reciting	Marketman
Morrison, Margaret	Office jobs	Miss Haskell	Stenog.
Morse, Lucille	Her speed	Reciting	Lady's maid
Nelson, Ruth	Her smile	Orchestra	Family of ten
Nover, Helen	History	Eating	Waitress
O'Brien, Arthur	Baseball	Pitching	Big league
Ogilvie, Kent	Vergil's "fish nets"	Latin	Mr. Tooker's aide
O'Malley, Lucy	6th per. notices	Talking back	Clerk
Paige, Edith	Shouting (?)	English (?)	English teacher
Pavan, Harry	His sneer	Jokes	Clothing salesman
Pelto, Ruth	Complexion	English	Radio Announcer
Phillips, Arthur	Dependability	Studying	Tech.
Pitkanen, Eino	Themes	English	Office boy
Ponti, Irene	Self-possession	Being calm	1st grade teacher
Purpura, Ernest	Enunciation	Racer	Auto racing

<i>Name</i>	<i>Famous for</i>	<i>Hobby</i>	<i>Fit for</i>
Quintiliani, Enes	Being nice	Shorthand	Secretary
Reardon, Joseph	Themes	Miss Giles	School for life
Reardon, Robert	Being late	Machinery	Mechanic
Reddy, Catherine	Her pose	Talking	Kindergarten teacher
Rizzi, Stella	Grimaces	Latin (?)	Cook
Robinson, Hobart	Being President	Basketball	Detective
Rossing, William	Wisecracks	Teachers	No one knows
Rowe, Eveline	Being nice	Dot	Lincoln's
Russell, Marjorie	Being "fast"	Going places	Night Club hostess
Schwartz, Ida	Size	Being hostess	Selisqu
Schwartz, Samuel	His "resotations"	Latin	Husband
Shangold, Mary	Bookkeeping	Bookkeeping	Bookkeeping
Sharkey, James	His name	Acting tough	Prize-fighter
Shorter, Elinor	Sweet voice	Singing	Opera star
Smith, Alan	Talking	Noise	Speaker
Smith, Gladys	Dancing	Herself	"Flo" Ziegfeld
Tapper, Ingrid	Hesitating	History	Historian
Thayer, Bertha	Lack of voice	Themes	Salvation Army
Thomas, Audrey	Cuteness	Drawing	Edward
Thomas, Mildred	Her remarks	Stenography	Waitress
Tolman, Winfield	His line	Himself	Can't guess
Vaughn, Walter	History	Playing cornet	Symphony orchestra
Vergobbi, Josephine	Indifference	Shieks	Same
Waisanen, Eino	Many pals	Many pals	Traveling salesman
Welch, Barbara	Size	French	French teacher
Widlund, Mary	Cheerfulness	Girl Scouts	Scout leader
Wyman, Wilner	Curly hair	Combing it	Ladies' barber
Zottoli, Robert	Nose-guard	Football	We wonder

YES, MR COLLINS, A STUDENT AT QUINCY HIGH—HE ENDEAVORED TO CONTRIBUTE TO EVERY THING ASKED FOR BY THE OFFICE, SUCH AS ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

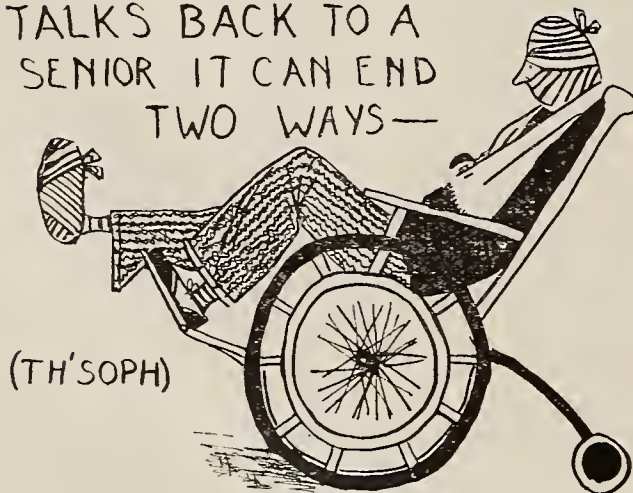


"A FACE THAT ONLY A MOTHER COULD LOVE" (DETENTION)

O! WHY DID I DO IT! OGOSH!



WHEN A SOPHOMORE TALKS BACK TO A SENIOR IT CAN END TWO WAYS—



(TH'SOPH)

IF THE SOPH IS BIG ENOUGH



CAFETERIA
"CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE"
(LUNCH PERIOD)



"THERE'S A LONG LONG TRAIL AWINDING—"



(GRADUATION NIGHT)

Ogilvie

THE CLASS OF FEBRUARY 1928**presents****NOW WE'RE IN THE FUTURE****PROPHECY**

Elizabeth Kinghorn	Robert Luce
Dorothy Denneen	Harrison Fisk

HISTORY

William Rossing	Carol McKim
-----------------	-------------

WILL

Stanley McLeod	Mary Laing
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mecil B. DeCille, movie director.....	Harrison Fisk
Leading Lady.....	Dorothy Denneen
Popular Screen Actor.....	Robert Luce
Foreign Actress.....	Elizabeth Kinghorn
Actress	Louise Bartlett
Extra Girl.....	Priscilla Buckwell
Assistant Director.....	Charles Djerf
Detective	William Rossing
Traveler	Stanley McLeod
Aviator	Leonard Golbranson
Inventor	Hobart Robinson
Maid	Eva Castleman
Cameramen	{ Arthur O'Brien
	{ Arthur Phillips
Property Boy.....	Charles Deans
Messenger	Mary Widlund
Nurse	Genevieve Hutt
Doctor	John Johnson
Servants	{ Philip Fabrizio
	{ Walter Vaughan
Electricians.....	{ Eino Waisanen
	{ Louis Connors

Time: 1943.

ACT I

Scene: A movie set.

ACT II

Scene: An airplane landing place in the Atlantic.

ACT I

Time, 1943. Scene: A movie set.

(As curtain rises, Director, whose patience is exhausted, throws down his megaphone in despair, tears his hair, and rages wildly about the set.)

Director: Oh! Terrible! Rotten! All wrong! You look about as natural as pigs in a parlor. Don't you boneheads get the idea? What's the matter with you? Don't you understand the plot? We're filming a story based on the actual experience of one of my classmates, Robert Zottoli. I've told it to you already. Zottoli found that he was a descendant of the Romanoffs, the ruling family of Roumania, and went there to marry a princess who had been chosen for him. He disgusted her with his table manners, and she disgusted him. Then he discovered a classmate from Quincy High, Ruth Anderson, who was a guest of the princess, and fell in love with her because she was the only one in the whole place who ate the way he did. The princess turned him down, and he married his old classmate, and they lived scrappily ever after. (Pauses for a moment.) Do you get that? (Actors murmur assent.) Now, we'll have to try it all over again.

First Actor: Wait a minute. Did you say Robert Zottoli?

Director: Yes.

Actor: Were you in the F.'28 class, Quincy High?

Director: I sure was!

Actor: Why, so were we! We're all from Quincy High, but I thought your name was Mecil B. DeCille. I don't remember that name at Quincy High.

Director: Well, confidentially, I used to be Harrison Fisk:

Actor: Harrison Fisk! Well, well, this is a pleasant surprise. But then, we might have guessed it from the way you used to rave about the movies in school.

Director: I thought your faces looked familiar. I guess I recognize all of you now. I never thought I'd see so many of you again. Do you know what has become of any of the other members of our class?

First Actor: Well, I guess we know what has become of a few of them. Edna Catarius has been promoted to the respon-

sible position of chief meter-reader for the Quincy Citizens' Gas Light Company, and Alice Cullman has just opened a new beauty parlor on Canal Street. Raymond Whittum and Donald Crotty are sailors aboard the Lexington, which has finally left Fore-River.

Director: I heard the other day that Lorna MacBeth and Lucille Morse are running daily passenger planes from New York to Paris.

Second Actor: Oh, did you hear that Katherine Gerrior finally married Edward Pease, and they live on that old roadway, the Southern Artery?

Director: Well, now that we find we're old friends, let's finish this up right for old times' sake. Take your places as before. All ready? Lights! Camera! Action! Mr. Luce, walk slowly up to the throne, take Miss Bartlett's hand, escort her to the table, and remember she's supposed to be a princess.

(Actors do as ordered and sit down at the table.) Now, you servants, bring on the soup.

All drink it gracefully except Mr. Luce and Miss Denneen. You two annihilate that soup; whistle through it, gargle it. Remember the way you used to do it in the cafeteria back in Quincy High when the bell was going to ring. Servants, bring on the spaghetti and peas, and all do as you did before. And let's have some conversation.

Mr. Luce: Princess, this is certainly fine spaghetti. (Shakes fork at the princess, and then scratches neck with it.) Where was it made?

Princess: It was made in Stella Rizzi's spaghetti factory.

Mr. Luce: Why, she was one of my classmates in High School!

Princess: Oh, how vulgar!

Director: That's the way. Keep it up. Don't forget to get careless with that spaghetti, Luce.

Miss Denneen: Have you read this new book that's getting so much attention—"What Happened When the Lights Went

Out" by Caroline Cherrington? The style is not so ritzy, but the material is!

Princess: No, I've been reading "Four Months" by Kathryn Chamberlain. The style is consummate, and the plot is exciting.

Mr. Luce: Say, Princess, why don't you get some of those new square peas that were invented by Ethel Fleishman? I don't like these round ones! they keep rolling off my knife. (Balances peas on knife, and they fall all over the table. Takes some spaghetti.) This is certainly good; Stella surely knows her spaghetti. (Here he becomes excited and whirls the spaghetti violently on his fork. It slips and flies in all directions.)

Princess: You are the most piggish person I've ever seen. You show your cafeteria training. (Throws engagement ring at him and haughtily goes out with retinue.)

Director: Now put some feeling into this love scene. Say what you like but look as if you adored each other.

Mr. Luce: (Turning to Miss '28.) Well, I'm glad she's gone. She always made me nervous. You're the only one in this place who eats the way I do. Dot, I came to this place to get married to her; why don't you take the place of the princess?

Miss Denneen: Well, I'd have to think that over.

Mr. Luce: Well, make it snappy.

Miss Denneen: You don't seem to be very excited about it.

Mr. Luce: Oh, I am; I don't show it, that's all. The only time I ever showed my excitement was when I heard that Miss Giles had given somebody an "E." I used to think she hadn't learned how to make an "E" in Greek.

Miss Denneen: Well, I guess I'll take your offer. I like the looks of that ring.

Mr. Luce: Will you? Hurrah! (Slips on ring.) Let's drink to old Quincy High. (Takes up glass and is joined by Miss '28.) Hurrah for Quincy High! Hurrah for F.'28! (They walk off arm in arm.)

Director: Good work! I hope Zottoli and Ruth can see this immortal film sometime!

Ass't. Director: Just take it easy for a minute while we look over this scenario.

(Actors and actresses read letters and newspapers, etc.)

Director: Say, that other assistant director, Kent Ogilvie, must have left the second scene in the office. Go get it. Quick. (Takes up phone.) Hello, is this Lorimer Graves, the casting director? Well, listen, we're going to Europe in a few days to shoot a new picture. Can you suggest anyone for a good leading lady? She's got to be quite old-fashioned.

(Pauses, listening to casting director.)

Edith Paige: No. she's become a bathing beauty in Loretta Holden's new picture, "The Groucho." Marian Cain, Catherine Curran, Claudia Bryant, Rachel Henrikson, Carol McKim, and Josephine Vergobbi are also bathing beauties. Priscilla Buckwell? She might do; send her over anyway. That's all for now, so long.

(Miss Buckwell, Extra, mannishly strides in and approaches the director.)

Extra: Hello! (Claps director vigorously on shoulder and director almost collapses.) How's the big boy today?

Director: (Giving her a sickly smile.) Oh, hello, Miss Buckwell.

Extra. Well, Dopey, don't stand there looking sick. Snap out of it, and snap into it. I want the leading part in your next film and I want it quick. (Meanwhile she mannishly fingers her vest pockets.)

Director: (Stammering.) Isn't this rather s-s-sudden?

Extra: Sudden! Say, I said I *want* that part!

Director: (Quivering.) Y-y-es. B-b-but—

Extra: Shut up! (Grabs him by the ear.) Come out here and make out a contract. (Drags him off-stage despite his protests.)

(Actors and actresses, etc., lounge around and read aloud extracts from let-

ters and newspapers. The Princess dashes over to property boy who is reading newspaper.)

The Princess: Hey, give me that paper. (Grabs newspaper and reads it.)

Princess: Ooh!—look what I found. (reads) "The class of J.'28 of Quincy High School has initiated a law-suit against the F.'28 class of that same noble institution, claiming that many of their legacies have not been received. The fact that neither class knows where the will is has complicated the matter considerably. The world renowned detective, William Rossing, is diligently searching everywhere for trace of the will. Alexander Harding is council for the defense, and the case will be heard by Judge Charles Graf."

Actor: Why, that isn't true. We gave them everything we bequeathed to them.

Actress: The thieving rascals! I suppose their president, Edward Loftus, is at the bottom of this.

Another actor: Say! Listen to this: "After a three-alarm fire in the Hough's Neck Emporium of Samuel Schwartz and Harry Pavan, yesterday, Fire Chief John McGinty estimated that \$5000 damage had been done. The proprietors are vigorously claiming the insurance from the Wyman and Nover Insurance Company. A feature of the event was the thrilling rescue of Ida Schwartz, niece of Samuel, by the gallant fireman, Eino Pitkanen.

Actress: Say, listen, I've got a letter here from Gertrude Bruton that tells some more news about the class. She and Mary Widlund have opened a Gym school in Germantown. She says that Anna Ardisino and Margaret Mitchell are now official tool-forgetters in the office of Walter Galvin and Jack Dunphy, who specialize in plain and fancy plumbing. She also says that Rosamond Bugel is selling butter and eggs in Robert Bissett's hardware store.

(Actress enters haughtily, followed by maid.)

Another actress: Oh, there's Mme.

Louise de Lavalier, the new foreign actress!

Actress: Is that what she calls herself now? She was plain "Lizzie" Kinghorn back in Quincy High. (To star) Hello, "Lizzie," gosh, but it's been a long time since I saw you in Quincy. Some "grande Dame" now, eh?

Mme. de Lavalier: Pardon me, but I am Mme. Louise de Lavalier. (Passes out haughtily.)

Actress: Why, the nerve of her. She reminds me of Diane, the dancer, who was Gladys Smith back in school. You can't look at her now.

Actor: (Jumping up excitedly.) Say! James Sharkey won the championship fight from Leonard Golbranson, gentleman boxer. "Some of the notables seen at the ringside were Olive Baker, successor to Arthur Murray, dancing teacher; Lucy O'Malley, the radio announcer; Clara Drew, world-famous artist; Dorothy Bone, president of the nation-wide association of librarians; Aubrey Thomas, composer of popular music; and Ruth Bartlett, the leading society matron." (pauses)—And listen to this: "John Bartlett is said to be responsible for many of the features of the New Model O Ford Car, which will soon be announced as the successor to the old Ford Model A, introduced back in 1927."

Another actor: I bet that car will be a fine one. Remember how excited we were in 1927 when the old model A was announced? We couldn't sleep the night before the new car was displayed in Quincy. There's a plane overhead somewhere. (Hum of motor is heard. Actors and actresses follow flight of plane in sky with their eyes. Large document falls at feet of Miss '28.)

Miss '28: (picking it up) Oh look! (Romantically) I just know there must have been a fine, handsome aviator in that sport model airplane that dropped this. I'll keep it until he comes to find it; maybe he'll take me too, who can tell? (All leave but Miss '28 as she says this.

Director and extra girl reappear with contract.)

Extra: Then it's all settled. I get twenty-five thousand dollars a week in your new picture. Now all we have to do is put our John Hancocks on this contract. (Director notices Miss '28, who is examining document.)

Director: (aside) Ye gods! What an attractive girl! Why didn't I think of her before? She's just the one I want for my new film. She's much better than this dumb extra girl. (To Miss '28) How would you like to keep working for me and have the leading rôle in my next picture? You've proved you can act, and you're just the type for the part.

Miss '28: That would be fine! I'd much rather stay in a studio where there are so many of my old classmates.

Director: Good! (Snatches contract from extra girl who has been too surprised to speak.) Here. Sign this at once. It's all made out and I'm sure the terms will be agreeable. Sorry, my dear! (to extra.)

Extra: (recovering her voice) Say, how do you get that way? That's my part.

Director: You mean you thought it was! I'll give you a small part in the picture anyway, but you're not the type for the lead. (Takes a few steps toward exit through which players have departed.) Prop boy! Hey there, prop boy! Where is that boy? Come here quick. (Property boy appears, walking slowly.) Call those fool actors here and be quick about it. Tell them I want speed; (Property boy hastens out. Director turns to Miss '28. Extra watches jealously.) Now that I've found a good star we'll leave for Europe at once to take the foreign scenes. I can't wait; we'll go by airplane. (Draws timetable out of his pocket.) Ah! The next non-stop plane leaves in fifteen minutes. (To girls.) Go pack your things and rush to the airport, quick! (To actors, extras, etc.) Listen, folks! We're leaving for Europe by airplane in fifteen minutes, to start our next picture. Entire company report to Pilot Leo Burns at the

airport in twelve minutes. (Actors file out quickly.) Make it snappy, now. Take those cameras and disconnect the lights. (Men obey.) O'Brien, be sure you take enough film; we'll need at least ten thousand feet. (Men leave.)

Director: At last my ambition is to be realized. My greatest film, starring Dorothy Denneen and Robert Luce is at last to become a reality. (Goes out exultant.)

Extra: (Again in good humor.) Good luck to you, anyhow, Fiskey!

(End of Act I)

ACT II

Scene: The porch of a hotel on a floating airplane-landing place in Mid-Atlantic.

Evening.

Rossing: Well, here we are marooned on this airplane station in the middle of the ocean with no means of escape.

McLeod: Yes, isn't it disgusting! Seeing that Elliot Cox, our pilot, was in our class at Q. H. S., I should think the least he could have done would have been to take us all the way to New York. Why are you crossing back to the States, Bill?

Rossing: I've been in Europe working on the case of the lost will of the class of F.'28. I'm using the process of elimination to find out who in the class has it. I have succeeded in finding and interviewing most of the members of the class and there are but few left to be accounted for. In fact, I'm supposed to be giving a broadcast at this very hour concerning the members whom I have looked up. Hang it all, everyone who tunes in will be disappointed.

McL: Why, didn't you notice the "mike" here, among the radio apparatus? Why don't you broadcast from here? (Crosses to right) See, all the equipment is ready for use.

Rossing: You're right! What station is it?

McL: It is written here. Station URMT.

Ross: Fine! You've saved my life, Stan. Here goes! (To "mike") This is station URMT, Landing Platform number three in Mid-Ocean. Good evening, everybody. This is William Rossing broadcasting the latest news bulletins on the sensational case of the century, that of the lost will of the Class of F.'28 of Quincy High School. I will tell you the latest news which I have gathered in my process of elimination of the members of the class. Through Dr. Edith Backman I found that Hazel Dahlberg is superintendent of Miss Catherine Bettini's Finger Waving Institute for Young Men, and Eleanor Bugel is dean of boys at Joseph Reardon's School of Fabrication. Esther Baram was discovered as Governor of Samoa in place of Margaret Morrison and she has in her employ Rose Magee, an expert secretary, and Edith Fahey, her efficient scrub woman. In the Confiscated Hot Air Company of Hot Water Falls, Ernest Purpura furnishes the necessary air, Joe Grogan the supply of energy, and Francis Granahan, the speed. LeBreque and Christensen, brokers, are financing the senatorial campaign of Winfield Tolman. Elinor Shorter is prima donna in Alan Smith's musical comedy "Ritzzy Rita." Charles Gabriel is organizing a National Athletic Club with Robert Reardon as president. Bertha Thayer is a cook in Ingrid Tapper's Bakery. Doris Folger and Gilda DiBona are baggage carriers in the McGuinness Inter State Hiking Club. Eloise McWilliams and Margaret Frew are star competitors in the world wide Silence Contest. Mildred Thomas is head ribbon winder in Margaret Mitchell's Automatic Typing Office. Sigrid Johnson and Ruth Nelson are bed-makers in Quintiliani's Orphan Asylum. Arthur Chapman and Victoria Cislighi are Pierot and Pierrette in the Dunham and Davidson Circus. By the way, in this same show Doris Emery as the tight-rope walker is very good when she falls into the arms of the clown, Curtis Cedarstrom. Aura Marini makes a good midget and John Gizzarelli certainly did a good

job training the porcupines. Julia Abate and Marguerite DiBona are chief bottle-washers in Shangold's Olive Oil Factory. Since I have personally interviewed these people, I feel that they are entirely beyond suspicion of having the will in their possession. This will conclude the broadcast for tonight.

(A crash is heard.)

McL: What's that! It sounds like another airplane crashing! (They run to the side of the stage, where they meet a doctor and a nurse helping an injured aviator, whom they place in one of the chairs.)

McL: He's coming to, all right! Say he looks just like—it *is* Leonard Golbranson! Well, well, old top, were the clouds treating you rough?

Aviator: Hello—where am I?

Rossing: You're on a platform in mid-ocean.

Doctor: You're all right now, old chap, aren't you? Just take it easy for a while and if you need me, call. (Exit doctor and nurse.)

Aviator: (recovering) Say, you're Stanley McLeod of F.'28! Well, if you're not a sight for sore eyes! And Rossing! What are you doing here?

Rossing: I'm hunting for the lost will of our class. Indeed, I'm just returning from Paris after a search for the possessor of it. I have been looking up every member of our class to see if he has it. You haven't got it by any chance, have you?

Aviator: No, not now, but I did have it, not long ago. As I was flying very low over a movie lot one day, it accidentally dropped out of my plane because I was looking at the most *wonderful* girl! She picked it up and waved it to show me she had it. She reminded me of a girl of our high school class. Gosh! I wish I could see her again. You don't meet her type much in these days. If I ever set eyes on her, she won't escape. I'll tell you. (Enter the movie crowd.)

Extra girl: Hello, everybody! Oh, what tough luck! We had to take a detour from the main air route and here we

are! How long are we going to be parked here I'd like to know. Say, my friend, when is the next plane due? For the love of Mike, if it isn't Leonard Golbranson! And Stanley! And Bill! (General hubbub while they greet each other.)

Mme. Louisa: Well, what's the matter, Leonard? Why are you staring so with your mouth open? Don't you recognize Dorothy Denneen?

Aviator: *Do* I. Why, she's *the* girl! (To Rossing) I thought I'd never see her again.

Dorothy: (excitedly) Leonard! How are you? This *is* great! We saw your plane come down. Are you sure you're all right?

Aviator: Yes, why shouldn't I be *now*? (Taking possession of her arm.) Come over here and talk to me about yourself and old times.

Director: (Indicating the absorbed couple) Looks as if there were food for movie romance here. This is a regular class reunion, isn't it? Does anyone know anything about any other members of our class?

Louise: Well, I know a little. Do you remember Ruth Pelto? She and Bud Deehan have leagued with Marjorie Russell in running the "Red Dragon," Quincy's fastest night club. I went there the other night and whom do you suppose I saw? Ruth Corbin and Stanley Carlson, presenting the old-fashioned Charleston and Catherine Reddy exhibiting the Black Bottom. Gertrude DeCoste was the cigarette girl. (Enter telegram messenger paging Rossing.) Oh, I hope it's news of our deliverance from this place.

Rossing: No, it's just some more information for my case. This is from my assistant, Robert Greenhalgh. Listen! "Floating Island of Folly, Mid-Pacific—Two of the greatest assets in the tropical Koko Country are Mary Mattie and Barbara Welch, high reaching cocoanut pickers." That clears *them* up. (Turning to Golbranson.) Look here, Leonard, is this the girl you were telling me about. Is *she*

the girl who picked up the will? Ask her, will you?

Aviator: Dorothy, have you still the scroll I dropped from my plane?—I saw you pick it up. At least, I'm quite sure it was you!

Dorothy: Yes, I have it in my case. I've been keeping it until my—the aviator should claim it. Just a minute—(McLeod rushes after her, seizes document, and tears seal.)

McL: This surely is it. Want to hear it, folks? Well, gather close, and I'll read it. (He reads *The Will*.)

THE CLASS WILL OF FEBRUARY, 1928

We, the class of February, 1928, do hereby bequeath this, our last will and testament to dear old Quincy High School, to its affectionate faculty, and to its charming office force.

To Headmaster Ernest L. Collins we endow a sufficient sum of money to purchase enough ink to fill each and every ink well in the school, and to provide the pony by the main door with enough hay for the winter of '28. To his wary assistant George A. Wilson we leave a certificate permitting him to go to work for Scotland Yard at anytime, since he has had adequate experience in "nailing" those law-breaking truants, and period-skippers, and those who persist in losing slips.

To the dutiful but doubtful office force we leave that lacking authority which they so often affect. We bequeath, also, enough ready cash to supply them with the morning papers so that it will not be necessary for them to borrow such from certain unfortunate students.

To Mr. Bridges, our renowned chemistry teacher, we leave one problem to be solved before 1950, that is: "Define the taste of water." To Mr. Cutler we also bequeath a problem: "Who discovered Quantum, and why?"

To our beloved Misses Thompson, Zeller, and Kelsey we hereby bequeath respectively an airplane, a kiddy-car, and a

longer reach for the purpose of collecting those sophomores who persist in going out of line.

To Shakespeare's only modern rival, Miss Sally Dawes, we endow one delightful set of Horatio Alger's latest novels, beautifully bound and lettered, to be used exclusively for "Outside Reading" by future classes. To other English teachers we leave our sincere desire that they read the aforesaid volumes.

We must mention here that the first pupil of our class to become President of the United States will see to it that "Outside Reading" is killed and buried, to save oncoming classes from much anguish, torture, and worry.

To our world-famous coach, Franklin B. Mitchell, we solemnly bequeath six hundred and twenty-three packages of Teaberry Gum, to be chewed only before or during an athletic contest.

To that indifferent social order called "Flunkers," we leave a scant endowment of our own super-normal intelligence, hoping that it may in future years enable them to graduate.

To the Juniors, we impart also, a scant portion of our natural intelligence to help them struggle against the rugged obstacles which we so easily overcame.

As for those insignificant little youngsters known as Sophomores who are not old enough to appreciate a grown-up gift, we graciously bequeath plenty of homework.

We authorize the purchase of ten long miles of sandpaper to be used for making smooth the legs of the cafeteria tables, so that the girls of the future may preserve their silk stockings longer than our girls have been able to keep theirs. If there is any left over, it shall be used to level off the knobs on the legs of the boys on the track team.

To Bob Zottoli, who has been striving three long years to get an "E" in French, we give one.

To Neal Eaton, famous for his wonderful work in Spanish, we leave enough

money to keep him comfortably in Spain for the rest of his life.

We hopelessly demand that more credits be given for "Gym" and chorus; that five or ten points be given for football, baseball, and basketball, and two each for golf and tennis, to enable a greater number to graduate before they become feeble with old age.

Last, but not least, we bequeath to the school itself a carload of mufflers to be used exclusively on the bells, so that pupils who desire to sleep rather than study, will not be awakened at the end of each period, but will be allowed to sleep right through.

We unanimously elect James N. Muir the executor of this, our last will and testament, and request that he will never be guilty of giving security on this most sacred bond.

In witness whereof we hereunto set our hands and seal, this memorable January day of the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty eight.

Signed: Elizabeth Dawson.

Vera Call.

Sealed, signed, and published by the Class of Feb. '28, as their last will and testament, who in the presence of each one separately and all of us together have solemnly signed their names as witnesses.

Rossing: I am certainly glad *that* mystery is solved. I've had a real job searching for each and every member of our class. It was a good old crowd, though.

McL: Speaking of Quincy High—remember when we were tardy, the red tape we had to go through?

Director (Inspired with an idea): We have lots of time to kill, while we're waiting here. Let's relive some of those scenes. Rossing, can't you and McLeod stage a couple of them?

Rossing: Sure thing! We'll show you some typical Q. H. S. reminiscences that will make you all long to have back the "Dear dead days beyond recall."

I—TARDY SCENE

This scene takes place in Mr. Wilson's office at 8.17 one morning. Enter Joe Reardon followed by a girl(?). McLeod and Zottoli straggle in later.

Mr. Wilson (looking up calmly): Late again, Joe! What's the trouble this time?

Joe: Well, Mr. Wilson, you see it's this way. Last night I attended a lecture at Squantum by Lotta Crabbs on Squantum's sewer problem—

Mr. Wilson: Sign your name (indicates) and report in 208 at 1.30.

Mr. Wilson (to girl): What's the difficulty this morning, Miss Smith?

Girl: Oh-ah-uh-well, you see we got a flat tire this morning.

Mr. Wilson: Mm—report in 208.

(Enter Zottoli and McLeod with much gusto.)

Mr. Wilson: Late again, Zottoli?

McLeod: (from behind Zottoli) No, tardy!

Mr. Wilson: (looking up at Zottoli) What's that?

Zottoli: Late, Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Wilson: What car'd you take this morning—first, second, or last?

McLeod: (from the rear) The electric, Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Wilson: (slightly angered) Enough from you, Zottoli. See me at 1.30. Go, now.

(McLeod and Zottoli start to leave.)

Mr. Wilson: (sharply) McLeod!! (Points to slip on desk.) Did you come up with Zottoli today?

McLeod: No, sir, he came up with me.

Mr. Wilson: Oh, certainly, I see. Look here, McLeod, you have too much to say! Report here at 1.30.

II—CLASS ROOM SCENE

(Teacher at desk. Students in seats.

Three or four at board.)

Teacher: Eaton, go to the board and do that problem you couldn't do yesterday. (Eaton goes to board) Rossing, you recite the Pythagorean theorem.

Rossing: Uh, ah, the-ah-square of the

legs of a-ah-circle . . . (McLeod removes his chair.)

Teacher: Sit down!!!

(Rossing sits on floor. Much commotion. Finally, quiet again.)

Teacher: (catching Bell writing notes) Bell!!! Give me that note! (She puts it on spindle.) Eaton have you the answer yet?

Eaton: Aw, I can't do this thing.

Teacher: Now, Neal, if we each have an apple and divide each one into four parts, what have we?

(Voice from rear): Applesauce.

(Eaton returns to seat and on the way he exchanges Bell's note for a piece of blank paper. Calnan leans over Reardon's shoulder.)

Teacher: Calnan, are you copying?

Calnan: No, ma'am.

Teacher: Well, take your seat.

Calnan: (picking up seat) Where'll I take it?

Rossing: Be a good boy, Fred. (Fred seats himself.)

Teacher: Now, turn to page 45 in your books.

(Teacher, looking up, sees Zottoli about to strike McLeod, Eaton about to strike Zottoli, each with a book.)

Teacher: You two to the office, (They leave room.)

Now, who hit Reardon? Do you know, Rossing?

Rossing: I cannot tell a lie teacher. McLeod did it.

Teacher: The office, Stanley. Tell Mr. Wilson what happened.

III—OFFICE SCENE

Mr. Wilson at desk, about to leave office, writing a note. He takes hat and coat and leaves. McLeod's head appears around corner of door. He enters and motions others to follow. McLeod wanders over by Mr. Wilson's desk, picks up note, and reads it.

McLeod: Huh! listen to this. "Am lunching at Woolworth's. Will return in one hour. G. A. Wilson."

Zottoli: We-ll, here's where we have

some fun. I wonder what it feels like to be Mr. Wilson. Try it, Stan.

McLeod: (seating himself at Mr. Wilson's desk) I'll bet the first thing he says is, "We-ll what's the trouble, boys?"

Both: Sure, that's what, all right.

(McLeod swings back in the chair, places his feet on the desk) Why were you sent down, Eaton?

(Mr. Wilson appears in the doorway, Zottoli and Eaton see him. They motion frantically to McLeod, who misunderstands them and continues) Can't you fellows ever learn to act as you should?

Mr. Wilson: Mm, we-ll, what's the trouble, boys?

Zottoli: (aside to Eaton) I thought so. (McLeod startled, looks sheepish, and gently sneaks out of Mr. Wilson's chair.)

McLeod: Well, Mr. Wilson, the teacher sent us down here and, well, gee, we didn't do a thing.

Mr. Wilson: Mm-well, I haven't time to talk to you now. It's been this way with you fellows all through school. I'm tired of lecturing you. Go into the other office for the remainder of the period and see me at two o'clock.

IV—CAFETERIA SCENE

The Quincy High School during a lunch period. Students at table proceed to produce their lunches.

Rossing: Um, how's that for a lunch? (Produces a ring of Swedish health bread.)

Eaton: Huh, why didn't you bring a Victrola record. (He then produces several raw carrots which he starts to munch.)

Calnan:

Bell: (looking into his lunch) Whew! Limburger cheese (general commotion.)

McLeod: Hot Dog! Pickled herring for mine. (He exhibits a large herring, partly covered by two pieces of bread.)

(Eaton breaks a bag. A marshal enters the scene.)

Marshal: What's the idea of breaking that bag?

Eaton: Oh, just to spread the crumbs

and keep 'em from collecting in one place.

Bell: Ah, how do you like them? (He holds up a string of frankforts.)

McLeod: (aside to Eaton) He's just putting on the dog.

McLeod: My eyes are watering.

Bell: Wow, my own are smarting. (Produces "hanky.")

Rossing: I think I'm going to cry or something.

Calnan: Oy, give a look boys.

(He draws a string of onions out of Zottoli's lunch. General commotion as all burst into tears.)

(End of History)

Actress: (after applause dies) That acting reminds me of a play I saw last night. In it George Bell played the husband of a shrinking violet called Elizabeth Baram whom he married in order that he might be the shining light of the family—the center of attraction. Marie Hackett wrecked the match with her "come-hither smile."

Mme. Louisa: That remark about the smile makes me think of Dot Butman. She and Evelyn Rowe are hitting it pretty well in Miss Marion Cameron's Condensed Cosmetic Company.

McLeod: When Margaret Fitzgerald went to Florida she caused quite a sensation, didn't she? She went there to visit her intended second husband, Kenneth Mitchell and ended by eloping with Stanley Carlson. Come on, Bill. You take the part of Margaret. And, Zottoli, you know your part.

Extra girl: We may be far away from Florida, but I think there are two of our party who are farther away from us than that. They are located in *that* direction! (Indicating Dorothy and Aviator who are deeply engrossed in one another.)

(A telegraph boy enters.)

Messenger: Ladies and Gentlemen, there will be no aeroplane leaving this island tonight. If, by some way or another, you can convey yourself to the next floating island, you can get an ex-

press plane that will carry you to the city of Montclair, Massachusetts.

Actress: But, my dear man, how are we to reach the next island? If we are not to fly over, and, of course, swimming is out of the question, how on earth are we to get there?

Messenger: I am not a magician, miss; therefore I cannot solve your problem. I repeat, there will be no aeroplanes leaving here tonight.

(A buzzing of a motor is heard.)

Director: What's that! Listen! (Messenger dashes to door followed by movie crowd, Rossing, etc.)

Crowd: (shouting as they hurry into the hotel) An aeroplane! On the other side of the building!

(Dorothy and Aviator remain undisturbed by commotion.)

Aviator: This is beyond my wildest dreams. They say everything happens for the best. It would have been woe unto me if I had not met you again. I worship the accident that brought me down to you, though the fall could have finished me and you would have been none the wiser. What a sad end for me—and you!

Dorothy: For me? Oh, it would mean a thrilling catastrophe that could take place in the book I am writing—but on the other hand, it *would* be sad—awfully sad—to lose my ideal—my Romeo of the sport plane, so soon. No, that would be all wrong—

Aviator: (happily) Wonderful! Wonderful girl! Every night since I first saw you, I have been dreaming—dreaming of falling deep and fast with you. It means something, my—shall I say—Juliet? It signifies a lot to me. Wilt thou—will you if I ask you a question will you promise to answer "yes?"

Dorothy: I suppose it will depend upon the question.

Aviator: Here goes! Will you take all that I have to say seriously?

Dorothy: (promptly) Yes, Oh, yes.

Aviator: (with feeling) I cannot keep myself in check any longer. Will you—

(He kneels and proceeds dramatically.) Will you be—? (Others rush in, behold situation.)

Extra girl: For the love of Lulu! Has it gone that far? She accepts, of course. Don't you, Dot? Let's give them a wedding right here.

Director: (sensing a picturesque possibility for a movie scene) That's fine, but where's the minister?

Red Connors: That's all right. I can do the trick—I'm a Justice of the Peace.

Actress: I've got a wedding dress in my costume trunk—the one I was going to have in my next film. And a veil, too. We can have a *real* event.

Extra girl: Come on, Dot, be a sport; we'll fix you up.

Dorothy: (to girls) All right, if you like.

Director: Hey, prop-boy, bring up that rose-bower from the box in the plane—get a bucket of rice—and a couple of old shoes. Hurry up! Shake a leg! (To camera-men and electricians) You fellows get ready to shoot this scene. It's too good to miss.

(Enter Hobart Robinson.)

Robinson: If you folks want to get over to the next island tonight, I can give you some water-proof suits for walking through water, which I invented and which two of you can wear on a walk over to the next island. There you can tell them to send a plane for the others. If you will come down, as soon as you are ready, you can try them on.

Rossing: Robinson's a good old scout. He's helping us out of our scrapes now, as he used to in our High School days. I think we'd all like a nice brisk tramp through the Atlantic.

Actor: Thanks, Hobo. Do you mean we just put them on like ordinary trousers and coats, and walk as we do on side-walks? Fisk and I will be glad to go.

Extra girl: But we'll have the wedding first. Fiskey can't miss a picture like that. Think what marvelous publicity he'll have in the newspapers: "Noted director shoots wedding in mid-ocean.

Beautiful star weds hero of her school days, by entrancing moonlight on an air-plane island in the rolling wastes of the Atlantic."

Hobart: The suits are wonderfully comfortable for aquatic strolls, especially on nights with a moon like this.

Luce: Say, Harrison, will you go with me to the next platform? At any rate, our feet won't be tired from the hard pavements on the way.

Extra girl: Why not let the bride and groom go off on their honeymoon that way? It will be quite novel; and besides, all of us can wait and enjoy each other's company till they send the plane.

Director: Good girl! That will make a beautiful fade-out—the two figures going romantically down the path of the moon toward the horizon.

Rossing: I'll give her away.

Actress: And I'll be her bridesmaid.

Aviator: Stan, will you be best man?

McLeod: Of course. I am, usually.

Actor: But what's a wedding without music? Hasn't anyone in the crowd a violin or a harmonica or something?

Extra girl: I've a comb, if that will do any good.

Someone in class who can play: I have my violin.

Director: Then we're all ready. Will the groom stand *by* the bower, the Justice of the Peace *behind* it, and all others in line away from it? Now, we are all about to take part in the most unique picture ever filmed; in other words, our meeting here by coincidence, and the grand climax of a marriage between two of our members.

Extra girl: (slapping him on the back) It surely is enough to warm the cockles of any director's heart.

Rossing: Hurrah for F.'28.

Dorothy: (appearing in bridal clothes) Here I am! Shoot! (She marches on Rossing's arm toward the bower.)

Director: She's here! Lights! Music! Camera! (The curtain closes as the procession moves toward the bower.)

(Curtain)



Unless otherwise specified, all business concerns referred to are in Boston.

June, 1917

Edna Nelson, who has been living in Phoenix, Arizona, has recently been visiting her sister, Myrtle Johnson. She is now on her way to Central America.

June, 1921

This is Paul Nelson's third year at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

June, 1922

Leon B. Prior received the degree, Bachelor of Electrical Engineering recently at Northeastern University. During his four years there, he participated in many student affairs, taking part in three musical comedies. He was a member of the Quincy High School Club, the Electrical Engineering Society, and served on various committees. He is now doing electrical drafting work at the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation at Fore River, Quincy.

June, 1923

Edmund Johnson, who recently graduated from Dartmouth College, is instructor of History at Lexington High School.

Evidently this class thirsted for knowledge.

Olive Fuller is teaching at the Wollas-

ton School. Margaret McDermott at the John Hancock School, and Eleanor Fredette at the Thomas B. Pollard School.

Bernice Fredette is working at the American Hide and Leather Concern.

This class will doubtless be glad to know that four of its members received their degrees last June from Northeastern University. Harold L. MacLeod received the degree Bachelor of Civil Engineering. While at Northeastern he served as president of the freshman class, played Varsity Basketball, was a member of the Sagitta Society, and served on the Sophomore Nominating Committee.

Ralph J. Renton received the Bachelor of Electrical Engineering degree. He was a member of the Track Team and of the Quincy High School Club.

Irving H. Call received the degree, Bachelor of Civil Engineering. He was a member of the Civil Engineering Society, the Student Council, the Quincy High School Club, and served as Vice President of his Junior Class.

Oliver E. Merrill received the degree, Bachelor of Electrical Engineering. He was a member of the Glee Club, Quincy High School Club, and Musical Clubs Council. While in his senior year, he acted as leader of the Glee Club.

Ella Cockerill is doing secretarial and stenography work in the American Trust Bank.

June, 1924

Evelyn Ambrose is teaching at the Massachusetts Fields School.

June, 1925

Esther Read is a Sophomore at the Massachusetts Art School.

February, 1926

Dorothy Saunders and Stanley Spencer are sophomores at Boston University.

June, 1926

Jerry Smith is attending Huntington Preparatory School for boys.

Frank Herbert is a sophomore at Boston College.

February, 1927

This class is going on, all right.

Virginia Briggs is at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Sylvia Carlson, Mildred Johnson, and Aubrey Evans are in attendance at the State Normal School, Bridgewater.

Frances Bird, Winifred Ham, and Emily A. Smith are attending Bryant and Stratton Commercial School.

Vera Shultze is employed by the John Hancock Insurance Company.

Myrtle Johnson, who has been working at Plotkin Brothers, recently went to Phoenix, Arizona, where she will reside with her sisters.

June, 1927

Edmund Carey is a Freshman at Boston College.

George Colburn is attending Chauncy Hall.

Muriel Todd and Helen Erickson are now in attendance at Burdett College.

Pauline Wyner and Kathryn Billman are at the University of New Hampshire.

George Crocker, who is now attending Northeastern University, recently has been elected President of the freshman class. He also won the freshman heavy weight title in boxing.

Velma Foley is working at the John Hancock Insurance Company.

Roger Shultze is employed by the Atlantic Motor Company of Wollaston.

Viola El Hatten and Mildred Hamlin go to the Posse-Nisson School.

Ethel Eberts is doing secretarial and stenography work at the Woolworth Company, Boston.

Ruth Lints is busy as Miss Barbara Johnson's assistant dancing instructor, and filling her many dancing engagements in and out of town.

Dorothy Urquehart is doing office work at the Edison Company.

"ART O'BRIEN—"
HIS FAST ONE IS
SMOKIER THAN
PITTSBURGH





SPANISH CLUB

A jolly-good time was had by all of the members of the Spanish Club who attended the regular meeting which was held in the gymnasium, Tuesday, at two o'clock.

The club is sponsored by Miss Glidden who spoke of the different things we are planning to do. Oh, yes! we belong to a wide-awake club and we're going to do great things yet!

First, there's going to be a Spanish Carnival which will probably take place at some early date. All members of the club are going to take part in this frolic. There are going to be some pretty señoritas and some handsome señores dressed in their picturesque best. There is also going to be an operetta. The gym will look its best, decorated with gay colors. Then, there will be dancing and singing and everyone will partake of Spanish food. I am sure that "loads" of people will be there and will enjoy themselves immensely.

At the club meeting the other day, a short play was dramatized. The characters were as follows:

El medico (doctor) Florence Brode
 El caballero (gentleman) Theresa Gacia
 Le senora (woman) Margaret Kearns

The play was well given and was enjoyed by all.

Three girls, Ethel Heim, Geraldine

Finn, and Eleanora Stevens, were chosen as a committee to select a design for our club pins.

Accompanied by Miss Victoria Zeller, all of the members gathered around the piano and sang songs of Spain. Some were: "Spain," "The National Hymn of Spain," "In a Little Spanish Town," "Oh, Sole Mio," and many others.

Candy, oh, such good candy, was passed around and then, under the direction of our president, Helen Ordway, we played a few games which were very amusing.

To conclude the program a solo, played on a Spanish guitar, by Elizabeth Shaw put us in good spirits, anxiously awaiting the time for the next meeting.

THE BIG SISTER CLUB

On December 2, the Big Sister Club held a gathering in the auditorium for the purpose of promoting college interest and aiding the girls in the selection of their colleges. Several of the teachers including the Misses Thompson, Zeller, Dawes, Dawson, Crockett, Baker, Nevens, and Allison told of the requirements of the different colleges which they attended, thus aiding the girls immensely.

Through the courtesy of the Big Sister Club, the Thalia Club was invited to attend the gathering and many of its members were present to hear the valuable information.

ENGLISH CLUB

The English Club, so far this term, has had some very interesting meetings; a large attendance and enjoyable programs have started the club on another successful year.

At the first formal meeting held in October, the Club had the pleasure of hearing some of the teachers tell of their travels in Europe, the past summer.

The November meeting, with no business to be discussed, was given over to dramatics. A few scenes from "The Tale of Two Cities" were cleverly portrayed by different members of the Club; Miss Solveig Liljigren spoke of her travels, and Harrison Fisk entertained with moving pictures.

The Club is looking forward to the January meeting at which Miss Florence Stewart is scheduled to read.

THALIA CLUB

The November meeting of the Thalia Club was in charge of the Dramatic Committee. Three interesting sketches were presented. The first, representing *Borrowed Clothes of the Gay Nineties*, was portrayed by Miss Howe, Miss Lydon, and Miss Raycroft is a *Hungarian Rhapsody*; Miss Coulman as *1890*; and Miss Webb as *Beautiful but Dumb*. The second was a traveling sketch, and included Violet Johnson, Elizabeth Evans, and Esther Anderson. Mary Reardon and Barbara Baltzer entertained the club as negro jesters.

THE DEBATING CLUB

Meetings of the Q. H. S. Debating Club have been held on alternate Thursday evenings. Since October 9, there have been many interesting discussions on current topics at these gatherings, and much talent for public speaking has been shown by the new members.

On November 22, S. Buck, F. Faulkner, J. Wastcoat, I. Hunter, R. Wood, D. Fairfield, R. Hartshorn, D. Gilman, D. Fuller, S. Resnick, J. Murphy, C. Baker, E. Macdonald, E. Bohlkem, and E. Ovanhesian were initiated under the direction of Joseph Shuman and John Knowles.

In order to break the monotony of debating, refreshments are served in the Cafeteria after each meeting.

ENTERTAINMENT

An entertainment presented by the Sophomore Girls and Hi-Y Boys for the benefit of the poor children of Quincy, took place in the auditorium, December 2. Charles Gabriel presided as president of the Hi-Y club.

The entertainment consisted of a dance by Eino Waisanen, a magician act by Kenneth McKenzie; songs by Edward Norrie; and the second act of Bird's *Christmas Carol*.

The sophomore girls who portrayed the members of the Ruggles family were: Lillian Pearce, Belle Sylvester, Janet Miller, Florence Cushing, Janice Buck, Anne Dunlavy, Marjorie Hill, Ruth Hatfield, Elizabeth Dunlavy, and Evelyn Legerwood.

As a result of this performance, Miss Baker was able to present \$50 to the Quincy Welfare League.

SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Honor roll for the quarter ending,
November 11, 1927

February, 1928

<i>Highest Honors</i>	<i>Honors</i>
Elizabeth Kinghorn	Ruth Anderson
Robert Luce	Olive Baker
	Priscilla Buckwell
	Hazel Dahlberg
	Harrison Fisk
	Doris Folger
	Arthur Phillips
	Hobart Robinson

June, 1928

Highest Honors

Helen Duncan
Anna Leahy
Margaret Thompson
Ina Walls
Betty Wells
Mary Welsh

Honors

Aili Aalto
Kathleen Anderson
Florence Brown
John Conroy
Doris Ekstrom
Henry Gesmer
Donald Hirtle
Mary Infascelli
Edward Loftus
Dora Palmer
Frances Palmer
Robina Purdon
Catherine Ryan
Leonora Sferuzza
Benjamin Stein
Jeanne Steinbrenner

February, 1929

Domenic Chiminiello
Helen Malcolm
Vivian Mattson

Marie O'Connell
Blanche Savage
Dorothy Weeden

June, 1929

Barbara Baltzer
George Bentley
Florence Cope
Aura DiBona
Lincoln Ryder
Bernice Sher

Esther Anderson
Margaret Donovan
Louise Dygoski
Elizabeth Evans
Willam Ford
Eileen Ganley
Margaret Hebert
Mary Horn
Miriam Nisula
Mary Reardon
Marjorie Saunders
Arthur Swenson
George Taylor

February, 1930

Edward Bohlken
Oscar Eckblom
Donald Fairfield
Evelyn Ledgerwood
Sylvia Locke
John Pinkham
Belle Sylvester
John Walsh

Dorothy Allen
Gladys Deluca
Merriel Kimball
Ethel Lindberg
Rhoda Mills
Olavie Nisula
Alph Peterson
Edith Silverman
Lillian Smith
Sally Sussman
Irene Weise
Marion Williams

June, 1930

Mary Arthur
Allan Folger
Charles Gallagher
Marjorie Hill
Catherine Long
Grace Luce
Wendell May
Lillian Pearce
Margaret Pyyny

Dorothy Ayres
Hazel Berry
Florence Bissett
Florence Brode
Marjorie Brown
Geraldine Burns
Muriel Castleman
Hilda Cooke
Mabel Coriati
Theresa DeCross
Mary DePaulo
Genevieve Deveau
Hope Dunning
Francis Flaherty
Doris Greene
Hilda Johanson
Ethel Johnson
Coniston Lees
Mary Lindh
Alice Magnant
Hilja Malmstrom
Avice Morton
Marion Peterson
Aaron Redcay
Richard Rice
Evelyn Savard
John Westcoat

THE FOOTBALL RECEPTION

The Gymnasium was once again the setting for a very enjoyable event. This time it was in honor of the deserving "football boys." The "Gym" was effectually decorated in blue and white, with large blue silhouettes comprising an attractive wall array. The dance music presented by Burg's Orchestra completely satisfied the crowd, as their gayety and enjoyment evidenced. The receiving line consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Muir, Mr. and Mrs. Collins, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson was assisted by the several ushers who had been previously appointed. Refreshments were served in the cafeteria. Then the crowd again descended to the gym to continue their entertainment.

ASSEMBLIES

November 23—A short Assembly was held at which time Mr. Collins read the

"Honor Roll" and discussed the "Dis-honor Roll" by giving statistics concerning the number of failures for the first quarter of the school term. He urged the school, as a whole to try to lessen the number of failures and to increase the number on the "Honor Roll."

Moving Pictures!

November 28—With the compliments of the Colgate Company and the Fleischman Yeast Company, moving pictures demonstrating the manufacture of soap, several methods of washing different materials, and finally the packing of "Fab," soap chips, made by the Colgate Company were shown. Due to the length of the "Fab" film, time did not permit the completion of the "Yeast" film. Nevertheless, we of the Quincy High School thank the Colgate Co. and the Fleischman Yeast Co. for their courtesy in showing these beneficial and educational films.

The Brockton-Quincy Football Rally

On November 18, an enthusiastic football rally was held in the auditorium. Coach Mitchell presented a very brief, but inspiring, speech on the team and its plans for the game. As is the custom, the manager, John Carey, said a few words which served to make the student body even more spirited. Some "snappy" cheers by the whole school were then led by our very efficient cheer leaders: Don Gilman, Lois Fancher, Elmira Reed, and Richard Scott. The assembly then adjourned with everyone showing the real "Q. H. S. spirit."

Quincy High School Orchestra

Rehearsals of the Quincy High School Orchestra have been held on successive Thursdays under the able direction of Misses Howes and Tuthill. Its first appearance of the season was made on November 10, 1927, at which time Quincy High School "Open House" was held. The orchestra rendered several selections and was enthusiastically received.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

On Friday, December 23, 1927, the following program, prepared under the direction of the English Club, supervised by Miss Edith Battles and Miss Agnes Roycroft, was presented in the Assembly Hall.

I

Adoration	<i>Borowski</i>
Orchestra	
Oh Come All Ye Faithful	<i>Traditional</i>
Invisible Choir	

II

Processional—Hark! The Herald Angels Sing	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
Acolytes and Choir	
Oh! Holy Night	<i>Adam</i>
Combined Glee Clubs	

III

Tableau—The Angel and the Shepherds—St. Luke. Chap. 2, verses 8 to 16.
Narrator, Edward Billman

IV

Tableau—The Journey of the Wise Men	
St. Matthew, Chap. 2, verses 1 through 8.	
Narrator, Arthur Donovan	
We Three Kings of Orient Are	<i>Hopkins</i>
Leonard Golbranson	
Ferrer Giarrusso	
Warren Freeman	

V

Sleep Holy Babe	<i>Matthews</i>
Girls Glee Club	
Silent Night	<i>Traditional</i>
Audience	

VI

Tableau—The Nativity. St. Matthew, Chap. 2, verses 9 through 11.	
Virgin's Lullaby	<i>Dudley Buck</i>
Priscilla Green	

VII

Joy to the World *Handel*
Audience

The parts in the tableaux were taken
by the following students:

Mary—Leonora Sierruzza
Joseph—Robert Luce
Kings—Harrison Fisk
Stanley Carlson
John Knowles
Angels
Gabriel—Ina Walls
Mary Infascelli
Evelyn Allen
Betty Wells
Frances Palmer
Betty Evans

Shepherds

Allan Rattray
William Antoon
Anna Leahy
Anseline Leone
Acolytes
Ronald Rowe
Roy Johannesen

The program was surely one of the best we have seen presented in our school yet. The Orchestra, Glee Clubs, and soloists amazed us by their offerings, and the tableaux were beautiful.

"SEVEN CHANCES"

Anyone who has been in the building late in the afternoon during the last month has heard voices in the Hall and seen the same group rehearsing there regularly. The work on hand has been the preparation of "Seven Chances," a comedy by Ros Cooper Hagrue, which was given for Senior Dramatics, Friday evening, January 13, under the direction of Franklin Mitchell. The cast of characters was as follows:

Goddard Alexander Harding
Joe Fred Kuhlberg
Mr. Garrison Joseph Shuman
Ralph Edward Loftus
Mr. Mukin Charles Gabriel
Jimmie Shannon Henry Gilpin

Anne Windsor Elizabeth McPhillips
Mrs. Garrison Priscilla Buckwell
George Richard Scott
Irene Margaret Dewey
Georgie Garrison Mary Aulback
Lily Ina Walls
Peggy Wood Gladys Smith
Betty Charlotte Hall
Florence Margaret Thomason

THE THALIA CLUB REUNION

On Thursday evening, December 22, the Thalia Club held a reunion and Christmas party for former Thalia Club girls, in the school library. Many of the former members were there, as were also the following members of the faculty: Mr. Collins, Miss Howe, Miss Lyden, Miss Zeller, Miss Thissell, Miss Thompson, Miss Webb, Miss Dawes, and Miss Baker, and there was a great deal of laughter as the guests talked over old times. Betty Wells, president of the club, extended a welcome to the guests. Barbara Baltzer and Mary Reardon each read a poem about Christmas, after which the guests were asked to tell about the schools that they are attending or the work they are doing, and their interesting and amusing accounts were greatly enjoyed. Agnes MacPhillips, one of the guests, who attends the Emerson School of Oratory, gave two short readings about Christmas. Mr. Collins addressed a few remarks to the guests, Miss Dawes gave a short but very humorous account of some of her experiences while in England last summer, and Sarah Couch, a guest, sang a Christmas carol in German.

The big event of the evening was when one of the members of the club came in, attired as Santa Claus, and distributed gifts to the guests, many of which were jokes and caused much fun and laughter. Each teacher received an attractive pencil. Then refreshments were served and the party broke up at about 9.45, all agreeing that it had been a most enjoyable evening.

Manual Arts Department

ANTIQUE FURNITURE

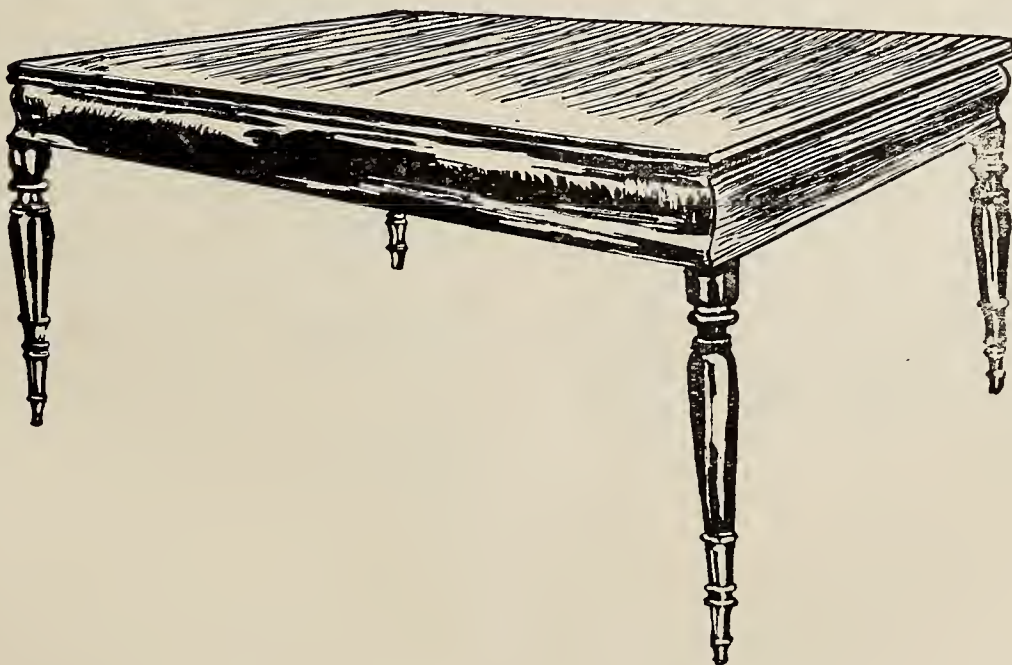
Ever since the beginning of our history everything has advanced with time and as a result the world has made great progress in most everything possible. In all these years the types of furniture have advanced and today it looks as if this advancement has been completed, as we have turned from our up-to-date furniture back to that of our forefathers.

Today the furniture manufacturers have gone back to our colonial days for their ideas on home furnishings and have reproduced about every piece of their furniture. As a result these reproductions have to be made mostly by hand and therefore take much time and cost much more than the ordinary machine cut furniture.

The manual training department of our school has taken up this task of reproducing some of these pieces and has achieved wonderful results. Last fall the boys turned out a colonial butterfly table which was probably the most practicable table ever turned out from the department and

could be used in any home for most anything. The boys also turned out a colonial breakfast set which was finished in gay colors and would turn the gloomiest kitchen into a light breakfast room.

This term the boys have made a great many end tables along with a few others of colonial designs. Among these is a fine old Jacobin draw table which is now under construction with promises to be very fine and practicable. This table of solid mahogany stands about thirty inches high with a top which is about thirty-three inches by fifty inches when closed and is about doubled in length when opened. The four handsomely cut legs taper from the bottom to the top where they are worked into a fine hand cut moulding which completely surrounds the table and supports the top which is of framed mahogany and makes the table very unique in design and usefulness. This table is to be finished with a mahogany finish and can be used in the home as a library table or card table and is just the thing which is needed in almost every home.



In order for you to appreciate the value of any piece of furniture either antique or modern, you must see it in the process of building and the manual training department cordially invites you to the shop at any time.

RONALD DAVIDSON, J.'28.

RADIO

This is radio station WQHS of Quincy High School Quincy, Mass. Out next number will be a short speech by Mr. Collins on, "The value of a high school education." Here we have the hopes and ambitions for Mr. Clark and the members of the radio class of the High School.

This class is at present studying the fundamentals of radio, also the art of building sets correctly. Part of this course will be the study of speech amplification. In doing this it will be possible to put amplifiers in the assembly hall and give all the pupils equal opportunity to hear plainly the words of the speakers on the stage.

This wonder of the present and past few years is an electrical science by which sound is sent out by a broadcasting station via radio waves through the air to the receiving set where it is reconverted back to sound.

A person stands in front of a small round instrument called the microphone which transfers the sound to electrical energy which is then brought to an amplifier and made louder. From here it goes to sets of coils and condensers where it goes through various changes. Then it is sent out through the antenna or aerial of the station into the air or ether where it rides along in the form of waves at the rate of 181,000 miles per second. Then it

is received by the aerial of the home set which vibrates according to the waves. From here the vibrations are carried to the set and the detector tube which has three elements, the plate, the grid, and the filament. The filament causes the electrons as they come into the set to be heated and thrown off to the plate which has a high voltage of the negative charge at protons which catches these electrons and neutralizes them. These electrons in travelling here pass through the grid which sifts out all the unnecessary elements.

The waves then travel through sets of condensers, coils, and sometimes other tubes to the earphones or loud speakers where the purified product is transformed from electrical energy to sound energy which the listener hears.

The reception of radio varies from the simple crystal set to the large heterodyne or super-heterodyne. These sets may be built or bought and vary greatly in price and efficiency. The earphones and speakers used also vary greatly according to the set employed, both in quality of sound and clearness. It is therefore always better to buy the best of quality.

In the future of radio which is great we can see the large department stores using it as a means of advertising; the aeroplane, and far distant places using it as a means of communication; and a present device known as television by which moving pictures are sent over the air. This is fast becoming perfected and in the future may be a means of moving pictures in the home and school.

What this science may mean to the rest of the world we may imagine, but I know it is the pet hobby of several students in the Manual Arts Class and many of the other students of Quincy High School.

ROBERT MATTSOM, J.'28.



The Shuttle—High School of Practical Arts, Boston, Mass.

Yours is a magazine to be proud of. It is exceptionally well balanced, but how about your Alumni Column?

The Sagamore—Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

We are always glad to receive your paper. You have plenty of good humor.

The Monad—Belleville High School, Belleville, Mass.

Your column *Our Line* is pleasingly original. We suggest more cuts for your department headings.

The Hebronite—Hebron College, Hebron, Nebraska.

We are delighted to welcome your paper. May we suggest that a few more stories might improve it.

The Red and Black—Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.

Your magazine is very neatly arranged. Your *Class Notes* are an added attraction to your paper.

The Imp—Brighton High School, Brighton, Mass.

We like the style of your Exchange Department. You might, however, enlarge your poetry section.

The Screech Owl—Maynard High School, Maynard, Mass.

Your magazine registers a favorable impression. Your stories are fascinating.

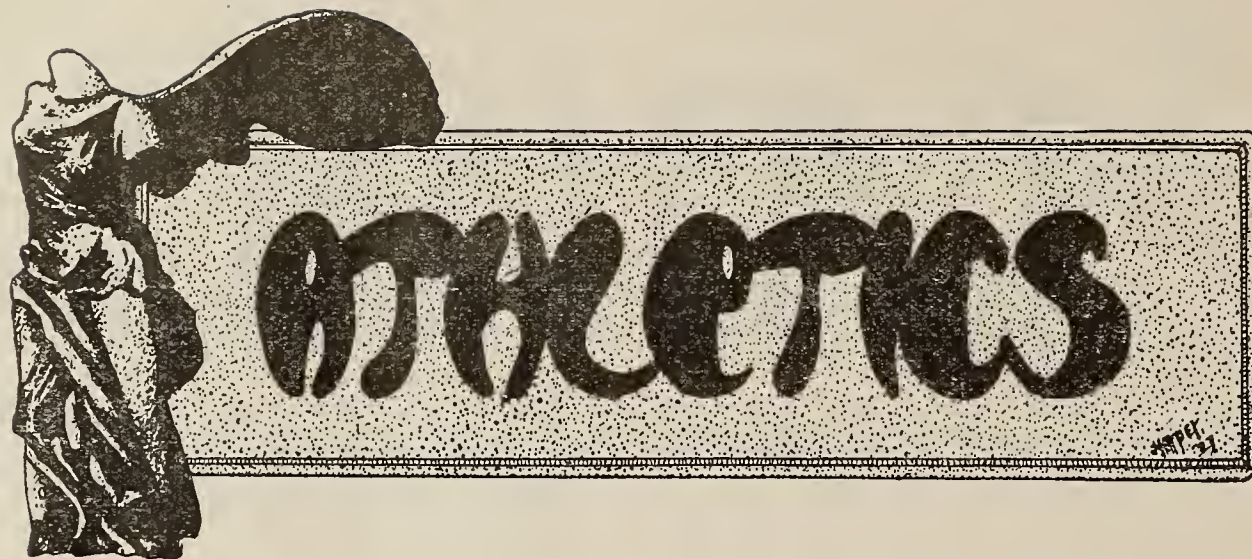
The Spaulding Sentinel—Spaulding High School, Barre, Vt.

Your magazine is superior in many ways. Your cover is pleasing and well designed, and your department headings are features.

The Gazette—Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Mass.

Your magazine is one of the best we receive; it is worthy of praise. Your Literary Department is excellent. We think a few cuts might improve it.

E. McP.



KINZY HYSCH

For the benefit of all those who may be in doubt, Kinzy Hysche wishes to take this opportunity to announce that Brockton won, 19-0.

Among other things, Kinzy hopes that Santa Claus was at least considerate enough to give Bob Zottoli a pair of Sox that were mates.

Two more car-loads of teaberry gum have arrived to be disposed of solely by Coach Franklin B.

Well anyhow—by the way the Hi-Y club takes to Pingpong we ought to be able to put out a championship team in one sport at least.

As a speech-maker, Neil Eaton is a walk-away.

Here's one Kinzy figured out on his slide rule:

"Why is Santa Claus like the baseball captain? Heh-heh!"

"Give up?"

"Heh-heh! Waal—there ain't no such animal;" (End of joke.)

Speaking of athletics, the slide rule team, the slip-stick squad, will hold its first interscholastic game on December 32 in Room 218 with the Hough's Neck Town Team.

Big events in the lives of little men: Mr. Joseph Reardon—after having spent eight solid years (off and on) from 1920 to 1928 in pursuit of his studies within these walls, has at last caught them, and Kinzy takes this opportunity to congratulate him upon his graduation.

Regular hockey practice will commence in Room 216 as soon as we get some ice.

Mr. Lubarsky ("David the Pest") presents Kinzy with the following selections of the best teams of all time in Quincy High:

FOOTBALL ALL STAR TEAM

Larkin	Left End
MacLean	Left Tackle
Jacobson	Left Guard
Johnson	Center
A. Cole	Right Guard
Fostello	Right Tackle
G. Cole	Right End
Listman	Quarter Back
Houlihan	Left Half Back
Jenkins	Right Half Back
Leavitt	Full Back

HONORABLE MENTION

H. Chapman
M. Chapman
Manning

Bennett
E. Bassett (1923)
Connors

Guina	Reynolds
Grarai	Comparato
Nichols	Topham
Phillbrick	Olson
Lindholm	Foy
Parrish	E. Syjostrom
Ryder	Maskilieson
Desenso	MacGrane
Eaton	Zottoli

BASKETBALL ALL STAR TEAM

MacLean	Left Forward
H. Chapman	Right Forward
Fancher	Center
Jenkins	Left Guard
Beaton	Right Guard

HONORABLE MENTION

M. Chapman	Hamre
Listman	Jacobson
Ryder	Cleale
Manning	Maskilieson
Milford	Killoh
Collagan	Desmond
Gabriel	Davis
Comparato	

INDOOR SEASON OPENS

Yea bo! Once more we find ourselves confronted with athletics in abundance. Basketball, with its thrills and suspenses, its dizzily whirling, spinning, dashing players. Indoor track, with the dashes short and sudden, and the "600" with its "terrific" pace and dangerous passing; the high jump, the standing broad, the shot, and the tense excitement of the relay race. Once again the track team takes "to the boards." (And, incidentally, you will, for the first time have the chance to see indoor dual meets in our own gym.)

Interclass basketball, girls' basketball, hockey and all, present amusement and excitement for your afternoons which should be spent in study.

Also at this time, between the basketball team and the indoor track team, arises the annual controversy over the gym floor. The writer is liable to be prejudiced, so the less said, the better. But let's hope that definite arrangements are made this year, so that neither team will conflict with the practice of the other. According to the boys there ought to be four gyms to make the school complete, one for basket-

ball, one for track, one for interclass basketball, and one for girls' sports. And oh yes, another for hockey practice.

Back up these teams, everybody! We have an all veteran basketball team with us until graduation and ought to have a wonderful season. Coach Clark and his assistant, Mr. Albro, believe that the second team can fill up the gaps despite their size, and look forward to a most successful year.

D. G.

ARE YOU 100%?

If you feel at all discouraged with your school at the end of the season of football or basketball or any other sport; if you feel the teams aren't what they ought to be and look around for something or someone upon whom to place the blame, look in a mirror. You're the one that's to blame! You're the one the school depends on for its championship teams and undefeated seasons! It's up to you individually to do all you possibly can to help.

Now we had a good football season, but way down deep you know it should have been better. We'll have a *good* basketball season. You never can tell what the boys will do, but unless *you* do *your* bit, we're not going to have the *best* team that we can possibly have.

Haven't you got a feeling in you somewhere that says you've just *got* to win your letter somehow before you leave this school? You ought to have ambition enough to want it to be said of you that, "that chap was the best something or other in Quincy High this year." Do you think you will ever become a successful business man if you go through life missing opportunities like this?

Don't you realize that you owe it to your school? I don't mean athletics necessarily, but something, do something—Senior Dramatics, Debating Club, English Club, Science Club, Traffic, Cafeteria Marshal, GOLDEN ROD staff! There are any number of things you can do! Someone has to keep things moving! The

teachers don't write the GOLDEN ROD, play football, or write up the Class Day play. A certain percent of the work to be done in each class falls on each member's shoulders. Are you so utterly weak and tired from studying; so busy with your personal affairs that you can't carry your burden of this work; can't buckle down and do something that isn't actually required of you?

D. G.

MEN WANTED

Last year, as in almost every year before, Quincy High had one of the best track teams in the state. They were defeated in only one meet. That was the Newton meet. Arlington, the champions, refused flatly to meet us. Except for this one meet, Quincy was undefeated.

Fellows, track is the one sport that keeps Quincy constantly "on the map." We boast a list of champions which the best of schools envies. "Ossie" Chapman will always be remembered as one of the greatest of school-boy half-milers; "Jerry" Smith and his sensational dashes, Vallee, "Bud" MacLeod, and many others whose names are still in the books as record holders, will not be soon forgotten.

Now, fellows, here is our chance! Let's get behind our track team this coming Spring and boost it for all we're worth! We can, if we will, make it an undefeated championship team. We'll fight to win the State School-boy meet, the B. C. meet, the Harvard Interscholastics, and run through an undefeated season. We'll put Quincy High "on the map" once and for all!

We need dash men, broad jumpers, and high jumpers! Men for the 440, 880, mile, and shot put! Every fellow who can run or jump has a chance. Size, height, weight, make no difference. We can use you! Will *you*, for the sake of your school and your own good health come on out next spring and try it for a month at least!!

D. G.

BASKETBALL OFF WITH A BANG

The Basketball season, now in full swing, presents a rosy outlook until the February graduations. At the first call, over fifty men came out, among whom are the following letter men from last year's team: Capt. Comparato, Ex-capt. *Robinson, *Gabriel, *Eaton, *Greenhalgh, Crofts, and Billman. Of last year's second team remains ex-capt. *Bissett, *Connors, *Golbranson, Sternberg, Ross, Spear, and MacDonald.

*The stars denote those who graduate in February.

Last year the team won seven games and lost eight, defeating Winthrop and Industrial twice, also Newton, Weymouth, Mass. Nautical, Natick, Milton High and Practical Arts High. They lost to Medford, Brockton, Milton Academy, Weymouth and Lynn English.

Although the team will lose four stars, Robinson, Gabriel, Eaton, and Greenhalgh, in the middle of the season, it is hoped that the new material and the second team men can make up for it.

This year's schedule, as arranged by faculty manager Ganley, drops Lynn English High, taking in Norwood in its place.

- | | |
|----------|------------------------------|
| January | 6—Mass. Nautical at Home |
| | 10—Milton High at Milton |
| | 13—Brockton High at Brockton |
| | 17—Norwood High at Norwood |
| | 20—Weymouth High at Home |
| | 24—Milton High at Home |
| | 27—Winthrop High at Home |
| | 31—Open |
| February | 3—Winthrop High at Home |
| | 7—Medford High at Home |
| | 10—Milton Academy at Milton |
| | 14—Weymouth High at Weymouth |
| | 17—Brockton High at Home |

INDOOR TRACK

The cross-country season successfully completed, Coach Wilson has now turned to Indoor Track. With the new bankings on corners of the gym, a very smooth and fast track is made. It is expected that several dual meets can be arranged for

this season in addition to the interscholastic meets.

The schedule, as arranged to date, is as follows:

Feb. 4—Northeastern Meet, Northeastern Track.

Feb. 11—B. A. A. Schoolboy Meet, Mechanics Building.

Feb. 18—Andover Interscholastics, Andover Academy.

Mar. 4—State Schoolboy Meet, East Armory.

The last is the culmination of the season, where the high schools of the entire state meet for the state championship. Last year the Quincy team tied for first place. The relay team, in all its glory, won as usual. "Jerry" Smith won the dash, tying the record and Platner took third in the same event. Call, took second in the high jump, tying the Quincy High record of 5 ft. 6 in., and Schultz stepped across fourth in the "1000."

Quincy's relay teams are famous in Indoor Track circles and this year the team will probably be picked from Wood, Scott, Wilson, Standing, Messenger, Kurtis, and Asnes. The "300" will have Wood, Pendergast, and Sayles. The "600," Scott, Bell, and MacKenzie. The "1000," Gilman and Hanna. Pendergast will represent in the hurdles. Call, Crofts, Bishop, and Pendergast, in the High jump. Shevlin, Whitman, and Crofts, in the standing broad jump, and Call, Hurdlin, Kurtis, and Rappaport, in the shot put.

The team is, however, by no means, chosen! If you can run dashes or miles in any sort of good time, or if you have tried any jumping, rally 'round because you have a good chance.

INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL

Some fifty boys reported at the first call for inter-class basketball teams. This year, it is the plan of "Doc" Whiting, that there will be formed three leagues, based on the height and weight of the boys, so as to make the competition more even and interesting.

In the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades of the Junior High Schools, the plan is to

teach all the boys interested, the fundamentals of basketball. Then as these boys come into the Senior High they can continue their interest and may develop into good material for the varsity team. Thus the boys get all the fun and exercise from the game and at the same time produce a good group of material for the varsity teams of the future.

THE GIRLS

The activities of the girls' basketball teams opened shortly after Christmas. An inter-class league of nine teams was formed and the games are played Wednesdays and Friday. Miss Bruton, the girl's gym instructor, who is in charge of the activities plans to have one outside game, the Sophomore vs. Junior High. Also, an exhibition game by two teams of girls from the Posse-Nisson will be held.

FOOTBALL LETTERS AWARDED

The season, although not completely a victorious one, was very successful. The team is to be congratulated for its good work and loyal spirit. The record of games:

Quincy	0	Boston English	0
Quincy	7	Melrose	14
Quincy	0	Jamaica, N. Y.	20
Quincy	6	St. Mary's	6
Quincy	9	Natick	0
Quincy	27	Plymouth	0
Quincy	6	Weymouth	0
Quincy	0	Brockton	19
Total		55	59

The team, after two defeats and two ties, came from behind to take three successive victories. And everyone will admit that they were no slouch in the Brockton game.

The individual scoring:

Name	T.D.	Pts.	F.G.	Total
Comparato	4	3	1	30
Eaton	2	0	0	12
Riley	1	0	0	6
Griffin	1	0	0	6
Zottoli	0	1	0	1
Total		8	4	55

The letter men:

* Indicates another year.

Capt. Neil Eaton	Billman
*Comparato	Martin
Connors	*Kurtis
*Call	*Peterson
Zottoli	Sherman
Calnan	Golbranson
MacLeod	Asnes
Rossing	*Bassett
*Haddad	*Morse
Whitman	Griffin
Christensen	Bishop
Sternberg	MacGregor
	Mgr. Carey

Horace Call, the "rugged" left tackle, was unanimously chosen captain of next year's team. He is a veteran of two seasons and is also captain of the 1928 Track Team on which he is the stellar high jumper and shot put star.

CROSS-COUNTRY LETTERS

After plodding through a successful season of cross-country running, the boys were ready to sit down and dream about their letters. The team had four victories to two defeats:

Stoneham	44	Quincy	18
Concord	38	Quincy	25
Arlington	22	Quincy	35
Rindge Tech	52	Quincy	19
Cambridge Latin	22	Quincy	33
Braintree	44	Quincy	18

The team placed fourth in the Harvard Interscholastics.

Ken MacKenzie was elected captain for the 1928 season and letters were awarded to the following:

* The stars denote those who have another year.

Gilman	*Gookin
Scott	*Melville
*MacKenzie	Kurtzman
Ross	**Hanna
*Whitehouse	

SOCCER

The Sophomore Boys' Soccer League came to a close with two teams, Fisher's and Toon's, tied for first place. On the play-off, Fisher's team won 2-1.

Considering that it was the first attempt to introduce the sport to the school, the league was successful. There

were nine sessions with an average attendance of forty at each. By Thanksgiving, interest had developed so that Mr. Flemming of the Boston Soccer club was engaged to instruct the boys in the fundamentals of the game.

It is hoped that this interest will be renewed next year when a more complete and broader schedule can be arranged.

THE BIG GAME

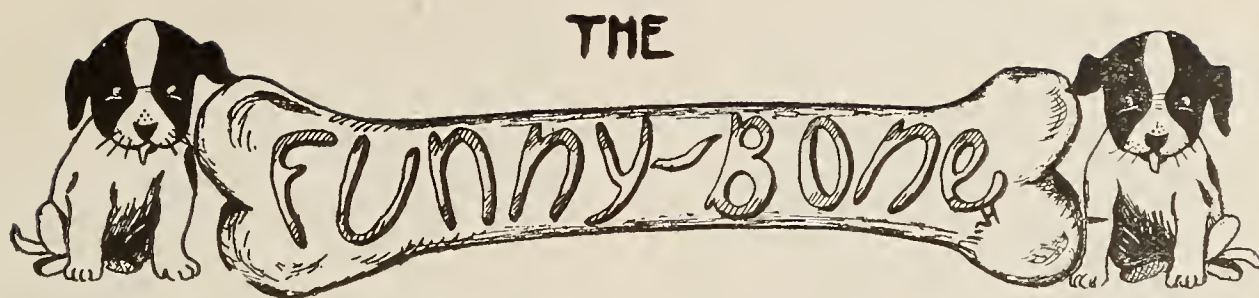
The gym bleachers were jammed! The balcony was packed! Crowds waited at the door for tickets they would never get. It was the big game, the culmination of the sporting year.

The whistle! A great shout arose! Then breathless silence prevailed. All eyes were fastened on the ball, as it bounded here and there. The players were becoming more and more excited! The play went faster! With uncanny speed the men dashed back and forth. The ball shot up and down the floor. And then a great burst of enthusiasm, and shouts of applause from the spectators! The players, sweating and panting, left the floor for the intermission.

The second and last period! Faster, always faster! Whirling dizzily, the players dashed madly about! Dripping with sweat, panting for breath, they struggled to keep up the pace! With mouths agape and eyes wide, the spectators sat spell-bound. Racing here and there, passing and shooting, the players were glad when the game was finally over. Wildly enthusiastic, the fans swarmed across the floor and carried off the victors on their shoulders. The season was over! Once more Squantum High School had won the Ping-pong championship of the state!

DON G.

Do you know that from the third floor windows, on the east side of the building one may see, the hospital, range finding tower, and wireless station of a well-known fort in Quincy Bay, Fort Andrews, on Peddocks Island?



THE LOST THOUGHT

I

Seated one day in the schoolroom,
I was weary and ill at ease,
Trying to write for the GOLDEN ROD
Something that would please.

II

I know not what I was thinking,
Nor what I was dreaming then,
But I had an inspiration,
That I knew would please all men.

III

It made me roar with laughter,
Till I almost split my side,
But now I can't recall it,
'Tho' I've tried and tried and tried.

IV

It may be that never in Quincy,
I shall think of that funny rhyme,
So I'll wait till I get to heaven,
Where I'll have plenty of time.

ALICE MAGNANT, J.'30.

PROPER CONDUCT IN OUR SCHOOL

ARTICLE II.—IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL

By B. B. E.

[Note: The initials B. B. E. stand for "Big Bill Eddy" and not "Bouncing Big Elephant."]

After the first of this series of "un-useful" hints concerning proper conduct in our school was published it was decided to continue them because they were too dumb to throw out. Therefore, in this issue of the GOLDEN ROD you can tear out this page and burn it to save someone else in your family the trouble. Cancel your subscription now!

1. If you arrive at the auditorium late and see a seat in the middle of a

row, rush madly over and occupy it so someone else won't have to.

2. If you clap at the wrong time, promptly dig out your mittens and remark on the deficiency of the oil heaters.

3. If you sit far enough away from the speaker so that you can't hear his jokes, wait until the front rows have finished laughing and then you can begin.

4. For lack of something better to do, count the holes in each ventilator in the ceiling. (Afterwards check your results with me.)

5. Since mufflers are an impracticability it might be wise to keep the spark of slumber up while the speaker gives it the gas, thus avoiding the possibility of disturbing your neighbor's study of the lesson for the next period.

6. During a moving picture talk (advertising Minneapolis Steam Roller Corp.), do not act as if you would at the Alhambra if the film broke.

7. In conclusion, applaud the speaker loudly, for you certainly want him to come back again and give you another nap.

8. Goodnight, by request!

FLEAS

I think that I shall never see
A pest as pesky as a flea;
A flea that flies around all day
And never has a thing to say;
A flea that hides in people's hair
And with her flealets' nestles there;
A flea whose tiny mouth is prest
Against a dog's warm furry breast;
Inside your ear or near your face
It flits about you every place;
Poems like these are made by me,
But how could God create a flea!

MARJORIE CATE, F.'30.

IT MIGHT BE

What would happen if:—

Frances were Aldull instead of Allbright.
 Jean were Uneeda instead of Graham.
 Edwin were Coolidge instead of Calvin.
 Doris were Theater instead of Church.
 John were Knickers instead of Waistcoat.
 Roby were Baker instead of Cooke.
 "Red" were Curves instead of Connors.
 Horace were Answer instead of Call.
 Irving were Fisher instead of Hunter.
 Thelma were Stewart instead of Porter.
 Abigail were Adams instead of Norris.
 Frank were Iceberg instead of Thunburg.
 Lincoln were Walker instead of Ryder.
 Kenneth were Old instead of Young.
 Donald were Brush instead of Fuller.
 Charlotte were Latin instead of French.
 Robert were Tight instead of Luce.
 Mae were Blue instead of Brown.
 Barbara were Ford instead of Chandler.
 Sylvia were Key instead of Locke.
 Charles were Nightly instead of Daly.
 Elmira were Write instead of Reed.
 Dorothy were Muscle instead of Bone.

By

LILLIAN HIGGINS, J.'30,

and

EVANGELINE BROUGHAM, J.'30.

HOW TO WRITE A SUMMARY

1. Read the selection carefully.
2. Read it again, more carefully.
3. Read it three or four times more and don't be looking around to see if there's any good-looking study pupil in the room. (Don't worry there won't be).
4. Now write a summary of what you have read, if you happen to remember any of it.
5. Write another. Write five or six. You don't have to pay for the paper. Be sure your summaries are not more than twice as long as the original selection. Keep your eyes off the girls.
6. Select the best one. (No, we don't mean the best girl).
7. Read it over, crossing out all unnecessary words, expelling adjectives, adverbs, and dropping all descriptions. If you are really lucky there will be one or two words left—but don't brag about it.

8. Read over the original selection once more.

9. If it is anything like your summary, you have made some mistake. Nevertheless, it is the best you can do so your task is now completed. Amen.

P. S. We suggest that you rally 'round and read your neighbor's. If it is any better than yours, copy it and throw yours away. DON GILMAN.

Mr. Wilson: "Are there any more questions on the subject of electricity?"

Bill Rossing (*sleepily*): "Uh, how long is a short circuit, Mr. Wilson?"

Miss Lydon (*to geometry class*): "Who knows what a locus is?"

Brilliant scholar: "A grasshopper!"

Mr. Bridges: "And if you took a wooden brick,"—etc.

Miss Shaw: "When did Lee abandon the post?"

Grant (*from rear*): "What paper did he take over then?"

Shuman (*translating*): "Er, er, he moved his oars."

Miss Zeller: "No! No! He shrugged his shoulders."

Miss Shaw: "The French believed in equality, fraternity, and—."

Grant: "Charity."

Witty student: "What did Henry Ford invent?"

Wittier student: "A rattle grownups could play with."

Your "P's" and "Q's"

If you don't mind the "P's" you get, you'll never have to bother sewing a "Q" on your sweater.

John (*discussing prospects of the Quincy High basketball team with his sweetheart*): "In two weeks that player will be our best man."

She: "Oh, how sudden!"

It is rumored about school that Miss Thompson, jealous of "Two Gun Baker," will soon purchase a velocipede with which to trap speeders in the corridors.

Gilman: "Where is Pop Ganley?"

Hunter: "I don't know. Oh, you mean Mr. Ganley?"

Gilman: "Yah!"

Hunter (*sadly*): "Well, I don't know where he is either."

Rossing: "I hope the boat leaks and they get wet."

MacLeod: "That boat will never leak. It's a Scotch boat."

Zottoli: "You said it. It's too tight."

On the Map at last!

"Red" Connors, telling about the Spanish-American War: "So they sent to Atlantic for re-enforcements."

Pretty Good Bluff, Grant

Grant (*trying to get around a question*): "Er—er, didn't—?"

Miss Shaw: "Make a complete statement."

Grant: "Oh, I guess he didn't."

OH MAGGIE! MY MAGGIE!

Oh Maggie! My Maggie! The fearful job is done;

His head is severed from his neck,

His blood begins to run.

His gasps I hear, but death is near,

No more from dreams he'll wake me;

But if my neighbor finds this out,

He'll kick me and he'll shake me.

'Twas a man and his axe that cut off this fellow's head,

But 'twas just their neighbor's rooster that had fallen, cold and dead.

HAZEL HARTFORD, F.'30.

Jimmie Hanlon wonders what famous orator in a fit of passion said; "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me 'College' or give me 'Tech'.?"

Lubarsky, our school philosopher, declares: "A thing of beauty is annoyed forever."

Gilman (*looking at a picture of a dirigible during construction*): "Is that a new dirigible?"

McCombs (*in disgust*): "No, that's an old one they're tearing apart."

She: "Who lives longer, man or woman?"

He: "Well, they say paint is a good preservative."

Miss McHardy: "What do you call that thing in which you grind coffee?"

U. R. Rong: "A percolator."

Miss Shaw (*indignantly*): "If I gave you a map of the United States and asked you to fill in the names of the states you couldn't get more than fifty."

Scott (*assuringly*): "Well, there's only forty-eight."

Heard in a history class: "Then Garfield shot Guitteau in the station."

Dumb: "Are you going to be a king?"

Bell: "No, Why?"

Dumb: "Well, I heard someone say he was going to crown you."

The T7 boys declare that if Miss Dawson doesn't stop wearing such, "loud" dresses they will be unable to hear themselves think. And they make plenty of noise when they think, too!

Miss Shaw: "Genet, a French minister, was dismissed and later married the Governor of—."

Jimmie Hanlon: "Yes, sir, that's one game you have to play on the square."

Beautiful (*but dumb*): "What?"

Jimmie Hanlon: "Checkers."

THE VILLAGE FLAPPER

(With apologies to Henry W. Longfellow)

Under a blossoming apple tree

The village flapper stands;

The girl, a pretty lass is she

With small and delicate hands,

And the lashes of her pretty eyes

Are long as silken strands.

Her hair is soft, and black, and short,

Her face is like the rose;

Her brow n'er felt an honest sweat,

She dances on her toes,
 And looks each male in the face.
 For no men are her foes.
 Night in, night out, from eight till dawn,
 You can hear her radio;
 You can hear her dancing with her beau,
 With a quickened beat, not slow,
 Like a rabbit jumping up and down
 In the new fallen snow.
 Thanks, thanks to thee, my pretty maid,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at this flaming age of life
 Our boy friends must be caught;
 Thus to the altar soon or late
 Our husbands must be brought.

SYLVIA LOCKE, F.'30.

Miss Crockett: "What was Ulysses?"
 Regan: "A race horse."
 Miss Crockett: "Are you serious about that?"

Regan: "I ought to be; I lost three 'bucks' on him last spring."

Sap: "I wish this rain would keep up."

Soph: "Why? Got a date?"

Sap: "No, if it keeps up, it won't come down."

Wait till Mr. Collins hears this!

Miss Thompson: "This is going to be a seven period day. The first period you are going to write all over the building."

Miss K. (*collecting homework*): "Papers, boy, papers."

Walker (*rattling pennies*): "I'll have a Post."

Mitch (*at football practice*): "Come on, get in there, you big ham!"

Wise Guy (*from sidelines*): "He can't, Mitch, he's smoked too much."

Growing Pains at Last?

Zottoli: "Gee! I've got a pain in the back of my head!"

Rossing: "Oh, don't worry, that's just your brains beginning to grow."

James Johnson: "When I was a boy, I read something like that."

Miss Giles (*to class*): "Has the fifth period been to the library yet?"

Miss Ekhart: "It's like pouring water on a duck's back. It goes in one ear and out the other."

McCombs (*struggling to draw a graph*): "I can't help it. I always have a little drop here."

Mr. Bridges (*hopefully*): "Oh well, a little drop never hurt anyone."

Voice from rear: "It's what comes after the first few drops that counts."

YOU TELL ONE

He is always in his seat at 8.15.

He never talks in the corridors.

He "single files" going up and "doubles up" coming down.

He *always* doubles when he enters.

He always hurries along, faster.

He never has to stay for Miss Giles.

Miss Haskell doesn't even know his name.

He is never sent back for a slip.

He never says "come" for "came" in Miss Shaw's history class.

He always remembers Miss Kelsey's "ifs."

He never gets Mr. Bridges "mad."

He always looks up when Mr. Anderson says "Attention, please!"

He always laughs at Mr. Thomas' jokes.

He admires Mr. Kidder's socks.

He is always in the right seat in assembly.

He never takes two recesses.

He always buys a tag:

He never forgets to take back his library slips.

He always returns his milk bottles in the cafeteria.

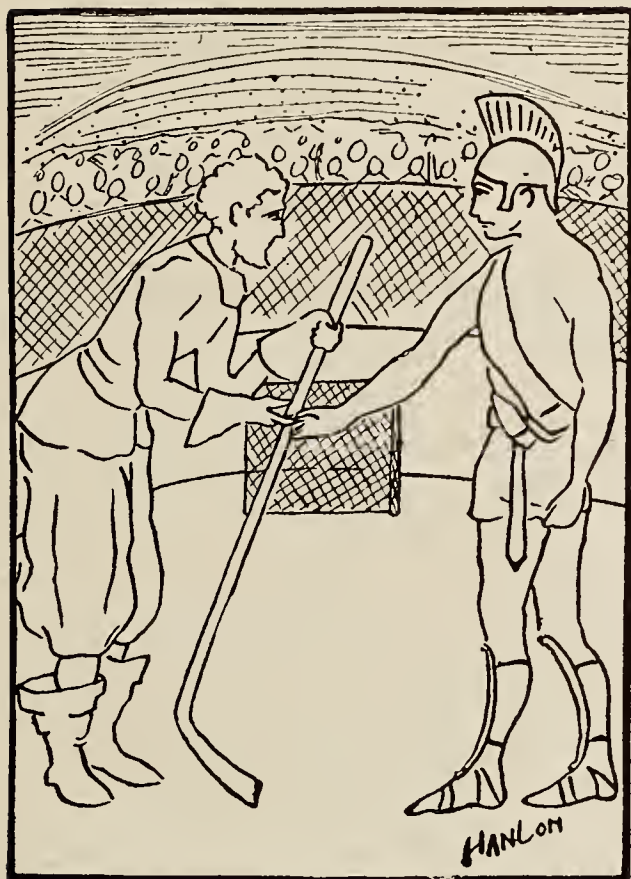
Moreover, he has never been known to crack a smile in Miss Zeller's German class.

Who is he? Well—he used to have a name, but they put him away and now he's just "Number 21867,—(Harmless)."

DON G.

YE OLDE HOCKIE GAME

Miles Standish's Invincibles vs.
Caesar's Dashing Gladiators



1

"Why is the forum crowded?
What means this stir in Rome?"
Why do ye Pilgrim Fathers
Appear so far from home?

2

'Tis quite an ancient story
Which you don't often hear
But if you'll give attention,
I'll try to make it clear.

3

While on a northern journey
A hockie game was seen
By Caesar, mighty Caesar,
Who thought it was quite keen.

4

When again he came to Rome
He thought it would be nice
To see a game of hockie
But all he lacked was ice.

5

He summoned Archimedes
And put the task to him.
We wanted to play hockie
But didn't want to swim.

6

Poor Archie was quite puzzled,
For, to make the water hard
Seemed to be beyond him, so
He played his highest card.

7

He built some little wagons
To wear upon the feet,
Taught the hockie team to skate,
And Caesar said, "'Tis neat!"

8

The sport sped far and swiftly,
The state was full of teams,
But Caesar's always conquered;
They were the champs, it seems.

9

He challenged everybody,
He beat them one and all,
So in a sporting manner
Spread the following call:

10

"To anyone who conquers
This team of mine I'll give
A fortune well worth taking,
A million, as I live!"

11

Ye old Pilgrims were not broke
But they were badly bent,
And so across the ocean
Standish's team they sent.

12

Ye good ship Cauliflower
Sailed proudly into Rome.
A crowd was there to meet them,
These men so far from home

13

All business was transacted,
Ye documents were signed,
And thence unto ye locker room
Their skates to tightly bind.

14

At last they faced each other,
These dashing hockie stars.
Wheels were squeeking nervously,
The whistle! Jolts and jars!

15

Miles Standish had ye discus
And strove for Caesar's goal
But he was interfered with and
Away ye puck did roll.

16

Caesar intercepted it
And then with actions bold
Started out to make a score
But he was knocked quite cold.

17

They threw bucket after bucket
Of water in his face
Until again he conscious was
And thus resumed his place



18

One of ye Invincibles
Whose mouth was all afoam
Drove ye puck to ye tender
Who knocked it out of Rome.

19

A puck was newly furnished
And Standish grabbed ye pill.
A stick was thrust between his legs
And he did straightway spill.

20

Caesar grabbed ye spinning puck
And passed it to a fool
Who dashed toward ye Roman net
And shot ye losing goal.

21

Ye thumbs were thrust straight downward,
Ye man who made ye break
Was thrust into ye Bastile
To serve as lion steak.

22

Ye next play was quite striking,
Ye Pilgrims thought so, too,
For Caesar's Gladiators
A clever trick did brew.



23

Caesar took ye puck himself;
Surrounded by his men
Dashed towards ye Roman goal
And then it happened when

24

Ye goalie saw them coming
And straightway stood a side.
His life must be protected
Against this human tide.

25

Ye dashing stars came crashing
 Into ye Pilgrim's net
 And if ye tender stood there
 He would be hash, I'll bet.

26

Ye score was now quite even
 And no one was ahead
 And all about ye forum
 Ye hockie players sped.

27

Ye crowds were cheering lustily
 With Brutus in the lead,
 And though he shouted wildly
 Of him they took no heed.

28

They played with all ye might and main
 This fascinating game
 But even after two whole days
 Ye score remained the same.

29

Miles Standish was bewildered
 And Caesar tore his hair.
 The pace was telling on him, but
 The price he couldn't spare.

30

Ye teams were dashing madly
 From either left or right,
 Full tilt they crashed, and crumbled
 Each man with all his might.

31

These men, they had not faltered,
 Had gone where they were led
 And all about ye forum
 They lay as men quite dead.

32

And so ye game was ended.
 Oh yes!—Ye men came to
 And swore about ye hockie game,
 And Caesar said, "Tis true!"

33

Caesar, the unconquered
 Lost not his million bet
 And Standish, ye Invincible
 Had kept his epithet.

I. H.

THE SCHOOLGIRL FLAPPER

(Apologies to Whittier)

Blessings on thee, little flapper,
 High-heeled shoes and tight wound wrapper,
 With thy shocking turned down hose
 All dolled up with striking bows,
 And thy face made most unnatural
 By the compact in your satchel,
 But your face smiles every day
 Neath your brimless red beret,
 Oh! you little maiden dapper!
 You are still a school-girl flapper!

MERRIEL KIMBALL, F.'30.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Optimistic Bill, called Opti for short, was inhaling a concoction or two at the Greenleaf with his side kick, Romeo, to get the latter a little moral support. (We don't mean suspenders.)

"Solomon must have had his troubles," mused Romeo. "The woman I've been rushing lately has left me cold. And, kid she had it."

"Say, big boy, don't kid me! Better skirts than her have given me the atmosphere and I didn't shed any salt water either."

"Gee, she was a peach," sighed Romeo.

"Wheo!" gargled Opti, setting his glass down with a thump, "Tom Edison isn't the only bozo that can flash a wise idea. Listen, we're going to don a little scenery and dash—."

"Oh! R-o-m-e-o! Look, here comes Venus with a pair of arms!"

"Yah, and a few more clothes, but ain't she nobby!"

"And how!"

Whereupon the dainty object of unanimous approval tripped up and asked Romeo the way to Hough's Neck.

Opti piped up, "We have a horseless carriage up at the corner that isn't being overworked and we'll take you down."

"Oh, that's music to my auditory organs," cooed the classy dame. "I don't like to trouble you but I just moved in town and didn't buy a map."

"That's o.k.," said Romeo, coming to, "We have to go down the Neck for some clams, anyhow."

So a little later they were tearing through the scenery to Hough's Neck. Romeo, with his usual velocity, had their super-cargo dated up as they reached their destination.

"Thanks for the buggy ride," quoted the exquisite thing as she hopped out. "Reservoir, as they say in French, till tomorrow night Romeo."

"I told you your old Cleopatra wasn't the only peach on this big bald headed

sphere," preached Opti as they headed back.

Next evening, after a show and all that sort of thing, Romeo was breaking all the one-arm driving records with his sheba, Juliet. Way out in the wilderness the iron horse coughed, wheezed and stopped.

"Well?"

"Well! Well! This never happened before. Guess the ol' hack is out of the essential fluid. We're away out in North Overshoe somewhere, I'll have to get some good-natured bozo to go for gas."

"Not so good!" decided Romeo aloud as everyone refused to stop.

A little later however, a new Ford stopped and no less than Opti popped out.

"Ah ha! Pretty lucky," quoth he.

"My contrivance craves petrol, ol' horse."

"Well, I'll get your can a little nourishment."

"Good, I'll climb back with Juliet."

One hour.

Two hours.

Three hours.

At exactly three o'clock Opti dashed on the scene, and, with no more ado, Romeo was off. The remainder of the evening, or rather morning, he had happy visions of seeing Opti hanged.

As ol' sol rose—over the noon mark—Romeo crawled out of bed and his glance fell on Opti looking at him sheepishly.

"You flub-dub!" he stormed, "you friction in the mechanism of progress! You-you—."

"Aw don't get nervous," pleaded Opti, "Was it my fault the pneumatics didn't co-operate? Dive in the shower, ol' stocking foot, and cool off your radiator. I got a little news for you and it isn't inside a black border either."

"Here!" said Opti, getting his second wind and handing a dainty epistle to his pajama-clad comrade. "It smells like Woolworth's cologne."

"Yah?" grumbled the troubled lover grabbing the letter.

"Oh! Hey! It's an invite to Juliet's masquerade. Listen—."

"Save your breath, you might be a Senator some day. Besides I know all about it."

"Huh?" grunted Romeo suspiciously.

"Now don't get flustered, my dear Dr. Watson. It's all very simple. You see the messenger very kindly left me an invitation, too, while you were inhaling ozone through that big gap in your face."

"Well, anyhow she says her ol' man is wild about me. So wild, in fact, that at the party I'll have to keep my face out of sight or he'll lift it free of charge."

"Tough you gotta keep your profile under cover, but maybe the shebas will fall for you easier that way," suggested Opti as they stood together a few minutes at Juliet's party.

"All right, wise guy! You ain't no Richard Dix yourself."

Then Romeo went out to admire the moon with Juliet. Some time later the two entered the hall again, and nearly ran into Mr. and Mrs. Capulet, the stern, hard parents of Juliet.

"Oh, father, mother! Meet Ro-Ro-Roland Van Swagger."

Then it happened! The elastic of Romeo's mask let go and the whole works slid to the floor. Romeo grabbed for the mask, Mr. Capulet grabbed for Romeo, and Juliet grabbed for her mother who was fainting with all the dignity she could summon.

A little later Romeo was on the outside looking in with Opti at his side.

"Smooth out a few wrinkles, big boy, before someone takes you for my father," said Opti grinning.

"Well I'll be checked like a river, and other expressions of disgust!" fumed Romeo.

"That wise guy, Tybalt, said he'd break every bone in my head the next time I came near Juliet."

"Yah? He picked a tough job!"

"Aw shut up!"

"No, no, I mean he couldn't lick you!"

"Here's a nice mess," grumbled Romeo as he climbed into the roadster.

"Don't she love you?" asked Opti shyly.

"Of course she does, you thickhead!"

"Well—why not elope?"

"Huh? How about her ol' man?"

"Her ol' man doesn't have nothing to do with eloping, you gawk!"

"Oh," mused Romeo dreamily.

After all arrangements were made, the night of the elopement arrived. Romeo climbed the back fence, tripped over a grapevine nearly crushing his proboscis, and swore softly for a few moments.

"That's service," he decided as he saw a ladder leading to a dimly lighted window.

He sneaked up the ladder and carefully climbed over the sill.

"Here I am, Cutie" he whispered. The lights went out, something hit him, and someone grabbed his legs. He grabbed something,—oh, a chair—swung it around hitting most everything. No woman could double-cross him and get away with it. Crash! Slam! Bang! He grabbed another chair, did some more damage and was still whirling it in space when the door flew open, lights blinded him, and half the police force rushed in and then stood back amazed.

In the center of the room stood Romeo with a shattered chair in his hands. All around him was broken furniture and glass—everything broken, as if the Pittsburgh explosion had made a private visit there. Prostrate and unconscious were three men at his feet.

"How in—?" exploded Two-gun Baker. "Looks like he did our little job himself!"

"Everything is safe!" cried Mr. Capulet. "Romeo—everything! I am surely indebted to you."

"Well we—that is I er love-love-er ah-adventure," sputtered Romeo, nearly telling the truth, "and saw the ladder and opened window so I vestigated, er I mean investigated."

"Juliet!"

"Romeo! O-o-o-oh! Um-m-m!"

At this point everyone looked at the floor and whistled nervously.

Exit the police and captives, vertical and horizontal respectively.

"Well, you're not such a bad sort and I guess that perhaps if—," began Mr. Capulet.

"Nough said," finshed Romeo nearly crushing his hand. "We'll let you know when the wedding comes off!" I. H.

ANSWERS

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

(Omitted from November Issue)

Horizontal

41. Stylish.
43. The hardest thing to do in High School.
45. To consummate the stipulations of (for Seniors only).
46. The biggest gas house in United States.
49. Preposition meaning "above and touching".
51. Watered stock preferred by colored investors.
52. Southern State (abrv.).
54. "Over and above."
55. You ("antique").
57. Southern State (abrv.) (another one).
58. Blow rendered by feminines.
59. Request.
60. What to do when the wind blows.

1	S	2	O	3	F	4	T	5	A	6	B	7	E	8	M	9	U	10	F	11	F
12	I	13	F	14	O	15	H	16	E	17	P	18	A	19	A	20	L	21		22	
23	R	24		25	A	26	W	27	F	28	U	29	L	30		31		32		33	O
34	E	35	T	36	A	37	L	38	C	39	O	40	H	41	O	42	L	43	H	44	P
45		46	Y	47	E	48	L	49		50	R	51		52	T	53	I	54	R	55	E
56	A	57	A	58	E	59		60	P	61	E	62		63	P	64	A	65		66	A
67	T	68	A	69	R	70		71	B	72	E	73		74	I	75	T	76		77	C
78	E	79		80	T	81	H	82		83	A	84	S	85	P	86		87	C	88	E
89		90	C	91	H	92	I	93	C	94		95	T	96		97	P	98	A	99	S
100	D	101		102	C	103	A	104	P	105	I	106	T	107	O	108	L	109		110	O
111	O	112		113		114	M	115	E	116	L	117	O	118	N	119		120		121	E
122	G	123	A	124		125	U	126	P	127		128	L	129		130	Y	131		132	N
133	S	134	L	135	A	136	P	137		138	A	139	S	140	K	141		142	L	143	O
144		145		146		147		148		149		150		151		152		153		154	K

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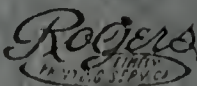
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